SOURCE-BOOK
OF THE
ITALIAN RENAISSANCE

Merrick Whitcomb, Ph. D.

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A LITERARY SOURCE-BOOK

OF THE

ITALIAN RENAISSANCE

BY

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PREFATORY NOTE.

Of the not too difficult problems connected with the preparation of this little book, one alone deserves a moment's consideration.

In order to select a few representative pieces from the abundance of Renaissance literature, it has been necessary to define with some accuracy the end proposed. It is evident that the point of view of the historical student would be quite different from that of the Italian humanist, if the latter were to sit in judgment upon the literary productions of his time. It would suit our purpose ill, however, if we should prefer the polished sentences of Bembo to the virile utterances of so indifferent a Latinist as Pius II. It is the verdict of posterity, seeking to discover, in the literary remains of the period of Italian greatness, traces of the beginning of the modern spirit, that the chefs d'oeuvre of that period have been thrust into obscurity by the growing importance of those ingenuous by-products of intellectual effort, which more truly reflect the tendencies of the age.

In a similar manner it has been thought proper to neglect the productions of the Florentine Academy, which deal not too skillfully with theological and metaphysical problems that have for our age a value little more than archæological, and for their own time merely that of intellectual exercise. The writings of a Pico della Mirandola have for the modern student scant interest other than that which reflects from a character of especial interest and beauty.

In the following pages the task has been to offer selections fairly illustrative of the rich and varied forms of thought and action which go to form the historical synthesis, to which has been attached the name of the Italian Renaissance.

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DANTE ALIGHIERI.

Born at Florence, 1265. Took part in the political struggles of the time, and fought at the battle of Campaldino, 1289. Held office of prior in 1300, and as a result of factional strife was banished from Florence two years later. Some portion of the period of his exile he passed at the court of the lords of Verona. In 1310 attached himself to the cause of the Emperor, Henry VII. Died at Ravenna in 1321. The principal works of Dante are the *Vita Nuova*, the *Convito*, *De Monarchia*, a treatise *De Vulgari Eloquio*, and the *Divina Commedia*,

EXTRACT FROM DE MONARCHIA.[1]

Dante refutes arguments which strive to prove that the Imperial power is subject to the Papal power. Book III., Sec. iv.

Those men to whom all our subsequent reasoning is addressed, when they assert that the authority of the Empire depends on the authority of the Church, as the inferior workman depends upon the architect, are moved to take this view by many arguments, some of which they draw from Holy Scripture, and some also from the acts of the Supreme Pontiff and of the Emperor himself. Moreover, they strive to have some proof of reason.

In the first place they say that God, according to the book of Genesis, made two great lights, the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night; this they understand to be an allegory, for that the lights are the two powers, the spiritual and the temporal. And then they maintain that as the moon, which is the lesser light, only has light so far as she receives it from the sun, so the temporal power only has authority as it receives authority from the spiritual power.

* * * * * * *

Having thus first noted these things, I will proceed, as I said above, to destroy the argument of those who say that the two great lights are typical of the two great powers on earth; for on this type rests the whole strength of their argument. It can be shown in two ways that this interpretation cannot be upheld. First, seeing that these two kinds

[1] Translated by F. C. Church, in Dante, an Essay, by R. W. Church, M. A., D. C. L., London, 1878.

of power are, in a sense, accidents of men, God would thus appear to have used a perverted order, by producing the accidents before the essence to which they belong existed; and it is ridiculous to say this of God. For the two lights were created on the fourth day, while man was not created till the sixth day, as is evident in the text of Scripture.

Secondly, seeing that these two kinds of rule are to guide men to certain ends, as we shall see, it follows that if man had remained in the state of innocence in which God created him, he would not have needed such means of guidance. These kinds of rule, then, are remedies against the weakness of sin. Since, then, man was not a sinner on the fourth day, for he did not then even exist, it would have been idle to make remedies for his sin, and this would be contrary to the goodness of God. For he would be a sorry physician who would make a plaster for an abscess which was to be, before the man was born. It cannot, therefore, be said that God made these two kinds of rule on the fourth day, and therefore the meaning of Moses cannot have been what these men pretend.

We may also be more tolerant, and overthrow this falsehood by drawing a distinction. This way of distinction is a gentler way of treating an adversary, for so his arguments are not made to appear consciously false, as is the case when we utterly overthrow him. I say then that, although the moon has not light of its own abundantly, unless it receives it from the sun, yet it does not therefore follow that the moon is from the sun. Therefore be it known that the being, and the power, and the working of the moon are all different things. For its being, the moon in no way depends on the sun, nor for its power, nor for its working, considered in itself. Its motion comes from its proper mover, its influence is from its own rays. For it has a certain light of its own, which is manifest at the time of an eclipse; though for its better and more powerful working it receives from the sun an abundant light, which enables it to work more powerfully.

* * * * * * *

X. Certain persons say further that the Emperor Constantine, having been cleansed from leprosy by the intercession of Sylvester, then the Supreme Pontiff, gave unto the church the seat of Empire, which was Rome, together with many other dignities belonging to the Empire. Hence they argue that no man can take unto himself these dignities unless he receive them from the Church, whose they are said to be. From this it would rightly follow that one authority depends on the other, as they maintain.

The arguments which seem to have their roots in the Divine words, have been stated and disproved. It remains to state and disprove those which are grounded on Roman history and in the reason of mankind. The first of these is the one which we have mentioned, in which the Syllogism runs as follows: No one has a right to those things which belong to the Church, unless he has them from the Church; and this we grant. The government of Rome belongs to to the Church; therefore, no one has a right to it, unless it be given him by the Church. The minor premiss is proved by the facts concerning Constantine, which we have touched upon.

This minor premiss then will I destroy; and as for their proof, I say that it proves nothing. For the dignity of the Empire was what Constantine could not alienate, nor the Church receive. And, when they insist, I prove my words as follows: No man, on the strength of the office which is committed to him, may do aught that is contrary to that office; for so one and the same man, viewed as one man, would be contrary to himself, which is impossible. But to divide the Empire is contrary to the office committed to the Emperor; for his office is to hold mankind in all things subject to one will; as may be easily seen from the first book of this treatise. Therefore, it is not permitted to the Emperor to divide the Empire. If, therefore, as they say, any dignities had been alienated by Constantine, and had passed to the Church, the "coat without seam," which, even they, who pierced Christ, the true God, with a spear, dared not rend, would have been rent.

LETTER TO THE PRINCES AND PEOPLES OF ITALY.[1]

For all and for each of the kings of Italy, for the senators of the fair city, and also for the dukes, marquises and counts, and for the peoples, the humble Italian Dante Alighieri, a Florentine, and undeservedly an exile, prays for peace.

1. Behold, now is the acceptable time, in which the signs of consolation and peace arise. For a new day grows bright, revealing a dawn that already lessens the gloom of long calamity. Already the eastern breezes grow stronger; the lips of heaven grow ruddy and strengthen the auguries of the people with caressing tranquillity. And even we, who for so long have passed our nights in the desert, shall behold the gladness for which we have longed, for Titan shall arise pacific, and justice, which had languished without sunshine at the end of the winter's solstice, shall grow green once more, when first he darts forth his splendor. All who hunger and thirst will be satisfied in the light of his rays, and they who delight in iniquity shall be put to confusion at the sight of his radiance. For the strong Lion of the Tribe of Judah has hearkened with compassionate ears, and pitying the lament of universal captivity, has raised up another Moses, who will liberate his people from the oppression of the Egyptians, and will lead them to a land flowing with milk and honey.

2. Henceforth let thy heart be joyful, O Italy! who deserveth to be pitied even by the Saracens, but who straightway shalt be looked on with envy throughout the world, because thy bridegroom, the solace of the earth and the glory of thy people, the most clement Henry, Divine, Augustus and Caesar, hastens to the nuptials. Dry thy tears and blot out the traces of sorrow, O most beauteous, for he is at hand who will free thee from the bonds of the impious; who, smiting the wicked, will destroy them at the edge of the sword, and will hire his vineyard to other husbandmen, who, at the time of harvest, will yield the fruit of justice.

[1] A Translation of Dante's Eleven Letters by Charles Sterrett Latham. Riverside Press, 1892.

3. But will he not be merciful to any? Yea; as he is Caesar, and his majesty flows from the font of pity, he will spare all imploring mercy. His judgments abominate all severity, and always in punishing set a bound on this side of moderation, and in rewarding on the other side. Will he, therefore, applaud the desperate deeds of evil men, and drink to the undertakings of the presumptuous? Nay; because he is Augustus. And if Augustus, will he not avenge the wickedness of the backsliders, and pursue them even into Thessaly,—the Thessaly, I say, of the last destruction.

4. Lay aside, O Lombard race, thy accumulated barbarity; and if any vestige of the seed of the Trojans and Latins still exists, give it place, lest when the sublime eagle, descending like a thunderbolt, falls from on high, he may see his eaglets cast out, and the nest of his own young occupied by ravens. Up, O race of Scandinavia! See that thou mayest desire, as eagerly as in thee lies, the presence of him whose coming thou justly dreadest. Let not cupidity, deceiving thee after the manner of the Sirens, seduce thee, deadening the vigilance of reason by I know not what sweetness. "Come before his presence with a confession of submission, and rejoice on the psaltery with a song of repentance," considering that he who resists authority, resists the ordinance of God, and he who withstands the divine ordinance, opposes a will coequal with omnipotence; and it is hard to kick against the pricks.

5. Ye likewise, who mourn oppressed, lift up your hearts, for your salvation is at hand. Take up the harrow of a good humility, and level the clods of parched animosity, lest perchance the heavenly rain, coming before the sowing of your seed, fall from on high in vain; or lest the grace of God shrink from you as the dew does daily from the stone. But do ye conceive like a fertile valley and put forth green—the green, I say, fruitful of true peace; and, in very truth, in this verdure, making spring in your land, will the new husbandman of the Romans yoke the oxen of his counsel more kindly and confidently to his plough. Pardon, pardon, now and henceforth, O best beloved! who have suffered injustice

along with me, that the Hectorian shepherd may recognize you as the sheep of his fold: who, although he holds the rod of temporal correction in his hand by divine concession, nevertheless, that he may be redolent of the goodness of Him from whom as from one point the power of Peter and of Cæsar divides, gladly corrects his family, but more willingly, in very truth, has compassion on it.

6. Therefore, if the old transgression, which many a time like the serpent is coiled and turned on itself, is no hindrance, henceforth can ye all perceive that peace is prepared for one and all, and already can ye taste the first fruits of the hoped-for gladness. Then be ye all vigilant, and rise up to meet your king, O inhabitants of Italy! reserving yourselves not only for his empire but, as free people, for his guidance.

7. I exhort you not only to rise up to meet him, but also to do reverence to his presence. Ye who drink of his streams and navigate his seas; ye who tread the sands of the shores and the summits of the alps that are his; ye who rejoice in any public thing whatsoever, and possess private goods not otherwise than by the bonds of his law: do not, as if ignorant, deceive yourselves as though ye dreamt in your hearts and said: "We have no lord." For his garden and lake is whatever the heavens encompass round about, since "The sea is God's and He made it, and His hands formed the dry land." Wherefore that God predestined the Roman Prince shines forth in wonderful effects; and that he afterwards confirmed him by the word of His Word, the Church proclaims.

8. Surely, if through those things which have been created by God the human creature sees the invisible things with the eyes of the intellect, and if from the things better known those less known are evident to us, in like manner it concerns human apprehension that from the motion of the heavens we should know the Motor and His will; and this predestination will be seen readily even by those who look superficially. For if from the first spark of this fire we turn back to things passed, from what time, I say, hospitality was denied the Argives by the Phrygians; and if there is time to

survey the affairs of the world even to the triumphs of Octavian, we shall see that some of them have completely transcended the heights of human valor, and that God has worked through men, just as through the medium of the new heavens. For we do not always act; nay, rather are we sometimes the instruments of God, and the human will, in which liberty is innate, acts sometimes free even from earthly passions, and, subservient to the Eternal Will, often serves it without knowing it.

9. And if these things which are first principles, as it were, for proving that which is sought, are not sufficient, who, proceeding from the conclusion inferred through facts will not be compelled to think as I do, perceiving that peace has embraced the world completely for twelve years—a peace which revealed in its accomplishment the face of its syllogizer, the son of God. And while He, made man, preached the Gospel on earth for the revelation of the Holy Ghost, as if he were dividing two kingdoms, distributing all things to himself and Cæsar, He commanded to "Render unto each the things that are his."

10. But if the obstinate mind demands further, not yet assenting to the truth, let him examine the words of Christ, even when in chains, for He who is our light, when Pilate opposed His power, asserted that the office which he, as lieutenant of Cæsar, was vaunting of, came from on high. Therefore walk ye not even as the Gentiles, involved in darkness by the vanity of the senses; but open the eyes of your mind, and see, for the Lord of heaven and earth has ordained a king for us. This is he whom Peter, the vicar of God, admonished us to honor; whom Clement, now the successor of Peter, illuminates with the light of the apostolic benediction, in order that where the spiritual ray does not suffice, the splendor of the lesser light may illumine.

FRANCESCO PETRARCA.

Born at Arezzo, 1304, during the exile of his family from Florence. Removed 1313 to Avignon. Studied law at Montpellier, and later at Bologna, 1323. Returned to Avignon, 1326, and attached himself to the household of a member of the family of Colonna. Settled at Vaucluse in 1337, and in 1341 received the poet's crown at Rome. Petrarch's friendship with Boccaccio dates from their meeting at Florence in 1350. Made extensive journeys in Central Europe, and was a welcome guest in the courts of Italian princes. In 1369 retired to Arquà, not far from Padua, where he died in 1374. Petrarch's chief literary works are Poems, both in Latin and Italian, and Letters.

EXTRACT FROM THE EPISTOLÆ VARIÆ, NO. 25.*

Your letters are always more than welcome, especially when I have need of consolation, a need that I often experience amid the weariness of life. In the first place I cannot pass over in silence a certain ambiguous statement of yours, that you are well aware, from the direction my affairs are taking, that I am likely to make a permanent stay at Milan. You conceal your own feelings in the matter by ascribing your silence to the fact that you have not the hardihood to protest against my resolution. In this manner, by saying nothing, you say more than if you had said much. Surely, silence often plays a great part among the artifices of eloquence. I see in this economy of words your oft-expressed solicitude and forethought, and not yours alone, but that of others. For almost all my friends, except those who are here and who dread the idea of my departure as a calamity—all my friends, I say, prefer that I should be elsewhere. There seems to be a harmony of opinion in this matter. But whither go? Upon this point exists a wide divergence of opinion. Some summon me to Padua, others beyond the Alps, still others to my native country. These appeals would be most opportune, if the affair did not present a difficulty that borders upon the impossible. Still others will invite me elsewhere; each, according to his desire, will offer

* Fracassetti, J. : *Epistolae de rebus familiaribus et variae.* Florence, 1863. Vol. 3, pp. 364–371.

me this or that place of residence. In all this I am less astonished at the variety of their opinions than at the unanimity which exists in their sentiments of tenderness and affection. When I examine thoughtfully the causes of this variety, I confess the variety itself pleases me, and I am proud of being so dear to my friends, that their friendship for me blunts the edge and dims the clearness of their judgment.

If you should ask me, in the midst of these opinions of my friends, what I myself think of the matter, I can only reply that I long for a place where solitude, leisure, repose and silence reign, however far from wealth and honors, power and favors. But I confess, I know not where to find it. My own secluded nook, where I have hoped not alone to live, but even to die, has lost all the advantages it once possessed, even that of safety. I call to witness thirty or more volumes, which I left there recently, thinking that no place could be more secure, and which, a little later, having escaped from the hands of robbers and returned, against all hope, to their master, seem yet to blanch and tremble and show upon their foreheads the troubled condition of the place whence they have escaped. Therefore I have lost all hope of revisiting this charming retreat, this longed-for country spot. Still, if the expectation were offered me, I should seize it with both hands and hold it fast. I do not know whether I still possess a glimmer of hope, or am feigning it for self-deception, and to feed my soul's desire with empty expectation. My conversations with my friends, by day and night, in which I speak of almost nothing else, and the sighs which I have mingled in a recent letter to the bishop of the neighborhood, prove that I have not yet wholly turned my hopes aside. Truly it is strange, and I could not tell the reason for it, but here is what I think: our labors, even though announced by fame, can be brought to completion in that place alone where they have been undertaken, as though the place were destined by fate for both the beginning and the end. However much, moreover, I desire to determine the place and the manner of my living, according as my fortunes vary, I find myself confirmed in my indecision by several persons, particularly by

you and still oftener by myself. In this, believe me, it is more difficult to arrange the things themselves than to quibble over words, because to provide for the future is not only difficult, but uncertain; so that, although the result may be fortunate, the choice cannot be other than a matter of chance. What would you choose at a moment when your most established resolutions were baffled by a turn of the wheel of fortune? There is but one choice that never fails—to live, in whatever spot necessity or desire has placed us, with a contentment that has its origin in ourselves and not in our fortunes, knowing well that our most extensive plans will have only a brief duration.

But I proceed, recollecting that we had much conversation on this point last year, when we lived together in the same house, in this very city; and that after having examined the matter most carefully, in so far as our light permitted, we came to the conclusion that while the affairs of Italy and of Europe remained in this condition, there was no place safer and better for my needs than Milan, nor any place that suited me so well. We made exception only of the city of Padua, whither I went shortly after, and whither I shall soon return; not that I may obliterate or diminish—that I should not wish—but that I may soften the regret which my absence causes the citizens of both places. I know not whether you have changed your opinion since that time; but for me I am convinced that to exchange the tumult of this great city and its annoyances for the annoyances of another city would bring me no advantage, perhaps some inconvenience, and beyond a doubt, much fatigue. Ah, if this tranquil solitude, which, in spite of all my seeking, I never find, as I have told you, should ever show itself on any side, you will hear, not that I have gone, but that I have flown to it. If I have dwelt at such length upon so trivial a thing, it is because I wish to satisfy you, you and my friends, in the matter of my affairs, of which this is the chief. This desire has been awakened in me by the numerous letters of my friends. Since it is impossible to reply to each one of them, and the greater part of them are of the same counsel,

I have conceived the idea of replying to them all at once and of devoting an entire volume to a discourse upon the manner of my life. Alas! I comprehend now that living is a serious matter.

In the following paragraph of your letter you jest with much elegance, saying that I have been wounded by Cicero without having deserved it, on account of our too great intimacy.* "Because," you say, "those who are nearest to us most often injure us, and it is extremely rare that an Indian does an injury to a Spaniard." True it is. It is on this account that in reading of the wars of the Athenians and Lacedæmonians, and in contemplating the troubles of our own people with our neighbors, we are never struck with astonishment; still less so at the sight of the civil wars and domestic troubles which habitude has made of so little account, that concord itself would more easily cause surprise. But when we read that the King of Scythia has come to blows with the King of Egypt, and that Alexander of Macedonia has penetrated to the ends of India, we experience a sensation of astonishment which the reading of our histories, filled as they are with the deeds of Roman bravery in their distant expeditions, does not afford. You bring me consolation, in representing me as having been wounded by Cicero, to whom I am fondly attached, a thing that would probably never happen to me, either at the hands of Hippocrates or Albumazar.

But laying aside pleasantry, in order to acquaint you with the truth, this Ciceronian wound, at which at first I laughed, has converted my mirth into tears. For almost a year it was daily growing worse, so that between weariness and suffering, between physicians and remedies, I fell into despair. Finally, not only overwhelmed with disgust, but weary of life, I resolved to await, without physicians, the end, whatever it might be, and to trust myself to God and to Nature rather than to those peddlers of ointments, who, in attending my

* Petrarch had been slightly injured by the fall of a heavy volume of Cicero's Letters.

case, have taken the opportunity of making some experiments along the line of their profession.

And so it happened. The physicians excluded, thanks to the assistance of the heavenly Physician; thanks to the attentions of a young man who waits upon me, and who, in dressing my wound, has become a physician at my expense, so to speak; thanks also to the use of certain remedies, which I determined by observation were most helpful to me, and to that abstinence which assists Nature, I have returned little by little to that state of health from which I was so far removed. This is the whole story. I might add, that although this life is a vale of sorrows, in which I have often met with strange accidents (not strange in themselves, but strange for me, of all men the fondest of repose and the most determined enemy of such tribulations), yet up to this time I have never experienced anything of the kind, if you consider the cause of the trouble, the suffering it entailed and the length of its duration. My beloved Cicero has imprinted in my memory an indelible mark, an eternal stigma. I should have remembered him, but he has brought it about, both internally and externally, that I am positively unable ever to forget him. Once more, alas! I have come to know that life is a severe affliction.

Leaving other things aside, I now come to the occurrence which has covered me with honor and with joy. When I learned that a number of distinguished personages, who certainly were not the least of the princes of Italy, finding themselves at the end of the world, by night, in winter, during a tempest, in time of war, reduced to extremities, were received in my name within the walls of a city and treated with distinction, I was astonished at first, and thought it must be a error in names. Later I recalled with some difficulty the time when, in my youth, I followed into that country him who, by the token of his calm brow, might have led me beyond the Indies. Thirty summers have rolled by since that time, and ten since the death of this grand man, unripe in years, but ripe in virtues. Pursuing this train of recollection I have finally been able to con-

jecture who it might be that after so long a time still retained a memory of me, whom I, it must be confessed, had almost completely forgotten. I addressed to him by letter, as you have seen, the thanks which he deserved, for in no way could he place me under greater obligation, than by his honorable reception of such great personages, and he will be not the less surprised at my remembrance of him, if he does not dream that he has refreshed my memory with a recent deed of kindness.*

You ask me finally to lend you the copy of Homer that was on sale at Padua, if, as you suppose, I have purchased it; since, you say, I have for a long time possessed another copy; so that our friend Leo† may translate it from Greek into Latin for your benefit and for the benefit of our other studious compatriots. I saw this book, but neglected the opportunity of acquiring it, because it seemed inferior to my own. It can easily be had with the aid of the person to whom I owe my friendship with Leo; a letter from that source would be all-powerful in the matter, and I will myself write him.

If by chance the book escape us, which seems to me very unlikely, I will let you have mine. I have been always fond of this particular translation and of Greek literature in general, and if fortune had not frowned upon my beginnings, in the sad death of my excellent master, I should be perhaps to-day something more than a Greek still at his alphabet. I approve with all my heart and strength your enterprise, for I regret and am indignant that an ancient translation, presumably the work of Cicero, the commencement of which Horace inserted in his *Ars Poetica*, should have been lost to the Latin world, together with many other works. It angers me to see so much solicitude for the bad and so much neglect of the good. But what is to be done? We must be resigned. If the zeal of strangers shall come to rouse us from our lethargy, then may the Muses and our Apollo help it on! The

* It is unknown to what occasion Petrarch here refers.

† Leo Pilatus.

Chinese, the Arabs and the Red Sea offer in my eyes no more valuable merchandise (*merx*). I am not unaware of what I say. I know that this nominative (*merx*) is not used to-day by our grammarians; but it was used by the ancients, possibly not by the very earliest, whose style the ignorance of our times blushes to imitate; but by those nearest to us and the first in science and ability, whom blind and loquacious pride has not yet dared to set aside. In their writings, and notably in Horace, I remember that the nominative of which I speak is often found. Let us put it again into use, I beg of you, if we may; for I do not know why we should not dare to recall from unmerited exile this word banished from the Latin country, and introduce it into the tongue to which we are devoting all our time.

I wish to take this opportunity of warning you of one thing, lest later on I should regret having passed it over in silence. If, as you say, the translation is to be made literally in prose, listen for a moment to the opinion of St. Jerome as expressed in his preface to the book, *De Temporibus*, by Eusebius of Caesarea, which he translated into Latin. Here are the very words of this great man, well acquainted with these two languages, and indeed with many others, and of especial fame for his art of translating: *If any one*, he says, *refuses to believe that translation lessens the peculiar charm of the original, let him render Homer into Latin, word for word; I will say further, let him translate it into prose in his own tongue, and he will see a ridiculous array and the most eloquent of poets transformed into a stammerer.* I tell you this for your own good, while it is yet time, in order that so important a work may not prove useless. As for me, I wish the work to be done, whether well or ill. I am so famished for literature that just as he who is ravenously hungry is not inclined to quarrel with the cook's art, so I await with a lively impatience whatever dishes are to be set before my soul. And in truth, the morsel in which the same Leo, translating into Latin prose the beginning of Homer, has given me a foretaste of the whole work, although it confirms the sentiment of St. Jerome, does not displease me. It pos-

sesses, in fact, a secret charm, as certain viands, which have failed to take a moulded shape, although they are lacking in form, preserve nevertheless their taste and odor. May he continue with the aid of Heaven, and may he give us Homer. who has been lost to us !

In asking of me the volume of Plato which I have with me, and which escaped the fire at my trans-Alpine country house, you give me proof of your ardor, and I shall hold this book at your disposal, whenever the time shall come. I wish to aid with all my power such noble enterprises. But beware lest it should be unbecoming to unite in one bundle these two great princes of Greece, lest the weight of these two spirits should overwhelm mortal shoulders. Let your messenger undertake, with God's aid, one of the two, and first him who has written many centuries before the other. Farewell.

(Milan, Aug. 18, 1360.)

GIOVANNI BOCCACCIO.

Born in 1313, place of birth unknown ; by some thought to be Paris, by others Certaldo. Was apprenticed for six years to a merchant, and for six years attempted the study of canon law. 1333 went to Naples on mercantile business, attached himself to the court of Robert of Anjou, and devoted himself to literary pursuits. Neapolitan period, 1333–1350, (except 1341–1344 spent at Florence) ; a period of romantic and poetical production : *Filocopo, Teseide, Ameto, L'amorosa Visione, Fiametta*, and *Filostrato.* 1350 entered the diplomatic service of the republic ; met Petrarch, 1350 ; became interested in the discovery and preservation of classical manuscripts. *Decameron* published 1353. 1363–1373, Period of production of Latin works relating to the study of the classics : *De Genealogia Deorum libri XV ; De Montium, Silvarum, Lacuum, et Marium nominibus liber : De Casibus Virorum et Feminarum Illustrium libri IX ;* and *De Claris Mulieribus.* Also other lesser works and *Rime* in the vernacular. Occupied the chair for the interpretation of the Divine Comedy at Florence, 1373. Died at Certaldo, 1375.

FROM THE INTRODUCTION TO THE DECAMERON.*

In the year then of our Lord 1348, there happened at

* From Kelly's translation in the Bohn edition.

Florence, the finest city in all Italy, a most terrible plague; which, whether owing to the influence of the planets, or that it was sent from God as a just punishment for our sins, had broken out some years before in the Levant, and after passing from place to place, and making incredible havoc all the way, had now reached the west. There, spite of all the means that art and human foresight could suggest, such as keeping the city clear from filth, the exclusion of all suspected persons, and the publication of copious instructions for the preservation of health; and notwithstanding manifold humble supplications offered to God in processions and otherwise; it began to show itself in the spring of the aforesaid year, in a sad and wonderful manner. Unlike what had been seen in the east, where bleeding from the nose is the fatal prognostic, here there appeared certain tumours in the groin or under the arm-pits, some as big as a small apple, others as an egg; and afterwards purple spots in most parts of the body; in some cases large and but few in number, in others smaller and more numerous, both sorts the usual messengers of death. To the cure of this malady, neither medical knowledge nor the power of drugs was of any effect; whether because the disease was in its own nature mortal, or that the physicians (the number of whom, taking quacks and women pretenders into the account, was grown very great), could form no just idea of the cause, nor consequently devise a true method of cure; whichever was the reason, few escaped; but nearly all died the third day from the first appearance of the symptoms, some sooner, some later, without any fever or other accessory symptoms. What gave the more virulence to this plague was that, by being communicated from the sick to the hale, it spread daily, like fire when it comes in contact with large masses of combustibles. Nor was it caught only by conversing with, or coming near the sick, but even by touching their clothes, or anything that they had before touched. It is wonderful what I am going to mention, and had I not seen it with my own eyes, and were there not many witnesses to attest it besides myself, I should never venture to relate it, however worthy it were of belief. Such,

I say, was the quality of the pestilential matter, as to pass not only from man to man, but, what is more strange, it has been often known, that anything belonging to the infected, if touched by any other creature, would certainly infect, and even kill that creature in a short space of time. One instance of the kind I took particular notice of: the rags of a poor man, just dead, had been thrown into the street; two hogs came up, and after rooting amongst the rags and shaking them about in their mouths, in less than an hour they both turned round and died on the spot.

These facts, and others of the like sort, occasioned various fears and devices amongst those who survived, all tending to the same uncharitable and cruel end, which was, to avoid the sick and everything that had been near them, expecting by that means to save themselves. And some holding it best to live temperately, and to avoid excesses of all kinds, made parties and shut themselves up from the rest of the world, eating and drinking moderately of the best, and diverting themselves with music, and such other entertainments as they might have within doors, never listening to anything from without to make them uneasy. Others maintained free living to be a better preservative, and would baulk no passion or appetite they wished to gratify, drinking and revelling incessantly from tavern to tavern, or in private houses (which were frequently found deserted by the owners, and, therefore, common to every one), yet strenuously avoiding, with all this brutal indulgence, to come near the infected. And such, at that time, was the public distress, that the laws, human and divine, were no more regarded; for the officers to put them in force being either dead, sick, or in want of persons to assist them, every one did just as he pleased. A third sort of people chose a method between these two, not confining themselves to rules of diet like the former, and yet avoiding the intemperance of the latter; but eating and drinking what their appetites required, they walked everywhere with odours and nosegays to smell to, as holding it best to corroborate the brain, for the whole atmosphere seemed to them tainted with the stench of dead bodies, arising partly from the dis-

temper itself and partly from the fermenting of medicines within them. Others, with less humanity, but perchance, as they supposed, with more security from danger, decided that the only remedy for the pestilence was to avoid it; persuaded, therefore, of this, and taking care for themselves only, men and women in great numbers left the city, their houses, relations and effects, and fled to the country, as if the wrath of God had been restrained to visit those only within the walls of the city, or else concluding that none ought to stay in a place thus doomed to destruction.

Thus divided as they were in their views, neither did all die, nor all escape; but falling sick indifferently, as well those of one as of another opinion, they who first set the example by forsaking others now languished themselves without pity. I pass over the little regard that citizens and relations showed to each other, for their terror was such that a brother even fled from his brother, a wife from her husband, and, what is more uncommon, a parent from his own child. Hence, numbers that fell sick could have no help but what the charity of friends, who were very few, or the avarice of servants supplied; and even these were scarce and at extravagant wages, and so little used to the business that they were fit only to reach what was called for, and observe when their employers died, and this desire of getting money often cost them their lives.

NOVEL II.

Abraham the Jew, at the instigation of Jeannot de Chivigni, goes to the court of Rome, and seeing the wickedness of the clergy there returns to Paris, and becomes a Christian.

* * * * * * *

At Paris there lived, as I have been told, a great merchant and worthy man called Jeannot de Chivigni, a dealer in silk, and an intimate friend to a certain rich Jew, whose name was Abraham, a merchant also, and a very honest man. Jeannot, being no stranger to Abraham's good and upright intentions, was greatly troubled that the soul of so wise and well-meaning a person should perish through his unbelief. He began, therefore, in the most friendly manner, to entreat him to re-

nounce the errors of Judaism, and embrace the truth of Christianity, which he might plainly see flourishing more and more, and as being the most wise and holy institution, gaining ground, whereas the religion of the Jews was dwindling to nothing. Abraham answered, that he esteemed no religion like his own; he was born in it, and in it he intended to live and die; nor could anything make him alter his resolution. All this did not hinder Jeannot from beginning the same arguments over again in a few days, and setting forth, in as awkward a manner as a merchant must be supposed to do, for what reasons our religion ought to be preferred: and though the Jew was well read in their law, yet, whether it was his regard to the man, or that Jeannot had the spirit of God upon his tongue, he began to be greatly pleased with his arguments; but continued obstinate, nevertheless, in his own creed, and would not suffer himself to be converted. Jeannot, on the other hand, was no less persevering in his earnest solicitations, insomuch that the Jew was overcome by them at last, and said: "Look you, Jeannot, you are very desirous I should become a Christian, and I am so much disposed to do as you would have me, that I intend in the first place to go to Rome, to see him whom you call God's vicar on earth, and to consider his ways a little, and those of his brother cardinals. If they appear to me in such a light that I may be able to comprehend by them, and by what you have said, that your religion is better than mine, as you would persuade me, I will then become a Christian; otherwise I will continue a Jew as I am."

When Jeannot heard this he was much troubled, and said to himself: "I have lost all my labor, which I thought well bestowed, expecting to have converted this man; for should he go to Rome, and see the wickedness of the clergy there, so far from turning Christian, were he one already, he would certainly again become a Jew." Then addressing Abraham, he said: "Nay, my friend, why should you be at the great trouble and expense of such a journey? Not to mention the dangers, both by sea and land, to which so rich a person as yourself must be exposed, do you think to find nobody here

that can baptize you? Or if you have doubt and scruples, where will you meet with abler men than are here to clear them up for you, and to answer such questions as you shall put to them? You may take it for granted that the prelates yonder are like those you see in France, only so much the better as they are nearer to the principal pastor. Then let me advise you to spare yourself the trouble of this journey, until such time as you may want some pardon or indulgence, and then I may probably bear you company."

"I believe it is as you say," replied the Jew, "but the long and the short of the matter is, that I am fully resolved, if you would have me do what you have so much solicited, to go thither, else I will in no wise comply."

Jeannot, seeing him determined, said: "God be with you!" and, supposing that he would never be a Christian after he had seen Rome, gave him over for lost. The Jew took horse, and made the best of his way to Rome, where he was most honorably received by his brethren, the Jews; and, without saying a word of what he was come about, he began to look narrowly into the manner of living of the pope, the cardinals, and other prelates, and of the whole court; and, from what he himself perceived, being a person of keen observation, and from what he gathered from others, he found that, from the highest to the lowest, they were given to all sorts of lewdness, without the least shame or remorse; so that the only way to obtain anything considerable was, by applying to prostitutes of every description. He observed, also, that they were generally drunkards and gluttons, and, like brutes, more solicitous about their bellies than anything else. Inquiring further, he found them all such lovers of money, that they would not only buy and sell man's blood in general, but even the blood of Christians and sacred things of what kind soever, whether benefices, or pertaining to the altar; that they drove as great a trade in this way as there is in selling cloth and other commodities at Paris; that to palpable simony they had given the plausible name of procuration, and debaucheries they called supporting the body; as if God had been totally unacquainted with their wicked

intentions, and, like men, was to be imposed upon by the names of things. These and other things, which I shall pass over, gave great offense to the Jew, who was a sober and modest person; and now thinking he had seen enough, he returned home.

As soon as Jeannot heard of his arrival he went to see him, thinking of nothing so little as of his conversion. They received one another with a great deal of pleasure, and in a day or two, after the traveler had recovered from his fatigue, Jeannot began to inquire of him what he thought of the holy father, the cardinal, and the rest of the court? The Jew immediately answered: "To me it seems as if God was much kinder to them than they deserve; for, if I may be allowed to judge, I must be bold to tell you, that I have neither seen sanctity, devotion or anything good in the clergy of Rome; but, on the contrary, luxury, avarice, gluttony, and worse than these, if worse things can be, are so much in fashion with all sorts of people, that I should rather esteem the court of Rome to be a forge, if you allow the expression, for diabolical operations than things divine; and, for what I can perceive, your pastor, and consequently the rest, strive with their whole might and skill to overthrow the Christian religion, and to drive it from off the face of the earth, even where they ought to be its chief succor and support. But as I do not see this come to pass, which they so earnestly aim at; on the contrary, that your religion gains strength and becomes everyday more glorious, I plainly perceive that it is upheld by the Spirit of God, as the most true and holy of all. For which reason, though I continued obstinate to your exhortations, nor would suffer myself to be converted by them, now I declare to you that I will no longer defer being made a Christian. Let us go then to the church, and do you take care that I be baptized according to the manner of your holy faith."

Jeannot, who expected a quite different conclusion, was the most overjoyed man that could be, and taking his friend to our Lady's Church at Paris, he requested the priests there to baptize him, which was done forthwith. Jeannot being

his sponsor, gave him the name of John, and afterwards took care to have him well instructed in our faith, in which he made a speedy proficiency, and became, in time, a good and holy man.

NOVEL III.

Melchizedeck, a Jew, by the story of three rings, escapes a most dangerous snare, which Saladin had prepared for him.

This novel having been universally applauded, Filomena thus began: Neiphile's story put me in mind of a ticklish case that befel a certain Jew; for as enough has been said concerning God and the truth of our religion, it will not be amiss if we descend to the actions of men. I proceed, therefore, to the relation of a thing, which may make you more cautious for the time to come, in answering questions that shall be put to you. For you must know that as a man's folly often brings him down from the most exalted state of life to the greatest misery, so shall his good sense secure him in the midst of the utmost danger, and procure him a safe and honorable repose. There are many instances of people being brought to misery by their own folly, but these I choose to omit, as they happen daily; what I purpose to exemplify, in the following short novel, is the great cause for comfort to be found in the possession of a good understanding.

Saladin was so brave and great a man, that he had raised himself from an inconsiderable station, to be Sultan of Babylon, and had gained many victories over both Turkish and Christian princes. This monarch, having in divers wars, and by many extraordinary expenses, run through all his treasure, some urgent occasion fell out that he wanted a large sum of money. Not knowing which way he might raise enough to answer his necessities, he at last called to mind a rich Jew of Alexandria, named Melchizedeck, who let out money at interest. Him he believed to have wherewithal to serve him; but then he was so covetous, that he would never do it willingly, and Saladin was loath to force him. But as necessity has no law, after much thinking which way the

matter might best be effected, he at last resolved to use force under some color of reason. He therefore sent for the Jew, received him in a most gracious manner, and making him sit down, thus addressed him: "Worthy man, I hear from divers persons that thou art very wise and knowing in religious matters; wherefore I would gladly know from thee which religion thou judgest to be the true one, viz., the Jewish, the Mahometan or the Christian?" The Jew (truly a wise man) found that Saladin had a mind to trap him, and must gain his point should he exalt any one of the three religions above the others; after considering, therefore, for a little how best to avoid the snare, his ingenuity at last supplied him with the following answer:

"The question which your Highness has proposed is very curious; and, that I may give you my sentiments, I must beg leave to tell a short story. I remember often to have heard of a great and rich man, who among his most rare and precious jewels, had a ring of exceeding beauty and value. Being proud of possessing a thing of such worth, and desirous that it should continue for ever in his family, he declared, by will, that to whichsoever of his sons he should give this ring, him he designed for his heir, and that he should be respected as the head of the family. That son to whom the ring was given, made the same law with respect to his descendants, and the ring passed from one to another in long succession, till it came to a person who had three sons, all virtuous and dutiful to their father, and all equally beloved by him. Now the young men, knowing what depended upon the ring, and ambitious of superiority, began to entreat their father, who was now grown old, every one for himself, that he would give the ring to him. The good man, equally fond of all, was at a loss which to prefer; and as he had promised all, and wished to satisfy all, he privately got an artist to make two other rings, which were so like the first, that he himself scarcely knew the true one. When he found his end approaching, he secretly gave one ring to each of his sons; and they, after his death, all claimed the honor and estate, each disputing with his brothers, and pro-

ducing his ring; and the rings were found so much alike, that the true one could not be distinguished. To law then they went, as to which should succeed, nor is that question yet decided. And thus it has happened, my Lord, with regard to the three laws given by God the Father, concerning which you proposed your question: every one believes he is the true heir of God, has his law, and obeys his commandments; but which is in the right is uncertain, in like manner as with the rings."

Saladin perceived that the Jew had very cleverly escaped the net which was spread for him; he therefore resolved to discover his necessity to him, and see if he would lend him money, telling him at the same time what he had designed to do, had not that discreet answer prevented him. The Jew freely supplied the monarch with what he wanted; and Saladin afterwards paid him back in full, made him large presents, besides maintaining him nobly at his court, and was his friend as long as he lived.

FRANCO SACCHETTI.

Born at Florence about 1335. While a young man he became known as a poet, and appears to have traveled in the diplomatic service of the republic. Exempted from banishment with other members of the Sacchetti family in 1380, the remainder of his life was passed in official service in and about Florence. Died about the year 1400. Chief literary work the *Novelle.*

NOVEL CXIV.*

Dante Allighieri makes sensible of their errors a smith and an ass-driver, who were singing his book in garbled form.

That most excellent vernacular poet, whose fame will never grow less, Dante Allighieri the Florentine, was neighbor in Florence to the family of the Adimari. It came to pass that a certain young cavalier of that family fell into difficulty, I know not on account of what offense, and was about to come up for sentence, in the due course of justice,

* Le Novelle di Franco Sacchetti. Ed. Eugenio Camerini. Milan, 1874.

before a certain magistrate, who was, it seems, upon terms of friendship with Dante. He therefore besought the poet that he should intercede for him with the magistrate; and this Dante replied he would willingly do. So when the poet had dined, he left home and set out upon his way to accomplish the business; but just as he was passing by the gate of San Piero, a smith, hammering an iron upon his anvil, was singing Dante, as one sings a ditty, jumbling his verses together, clipping them and adding to them, in such a manner that it seemed to Dante they were suffering the greatest injury. He said nothing, however, but approached the smithy, where were lying the various tools with which the owner plied his trade. Dante seized the hammer and threw it into the street; seized the tongs and threw them into the street; seized the balances and threw them into the street, and so on with the remaining irons. The smith, turning about with an angry gesture, cried: "What the devil are you doing? Are you mad?" Said Dante: "And you, what are you doing?" "Working at my trade," the smith replied, "and you are spoiling my tools, throwing them into the street." Said Dante: "If you do not wish that I should spoil your things, do not spoil mine." "How am I injuring you?" said the smith. Said Dante: "You sing my book, but not as I have made it. I also have a trade, and you are spoiling it for me." The smith, swelling with rage, knew not what to reply, but gathered together his scattered tools and returned to his forge, and when he wished again to sing, he sang of Tristan and of Launcelot, but left Dante alone; and Dante went his way to the magistrate. But when he came into the presence of that official, it occurred to him that the cavalier of the Adimari, who had asked the favor of him, was a haughty youth with scant courtesy, who, when he went through the city, especially on horseback, rode with his legs outspread, until they filled the street, if it happened to be narrow, so that passers-by were compelled to brush the toes of his shoes; and to Dante, who was a close observer, such behaviour was always displeasing. Thereupon Dante said to the magistrate: "You have before your court a certain cav-

alier, charged with a certain offense. I wish to speak a word for him. His manners however are such that he deserves a severe penalty, for I believe that to trespass upon the rights of the public is the greatest of offenses." Dante did not speak to deaf ears, and the magistrate asked in what respect the young man has trespassed upon the rights of the public. Dante replied: "When he rides through the city, he rides with his legs wide from his horse, so that whoever encounters him has to turn back, and cannot continue upon his way." Said the judge: "This may appear to you a trifle, but it is a greater offence than the other of which he is accused." "But see," said Dante, "I am his neighbor. I intercede for him with you." And he returned home, where he was asked by the cavalier how the affair stood. "He replied favorably," said Dante. Some days afterwards the cavalier was summoned to appear and answer the charge against him. He made his appearance, and after he had been informed of the nature of the first charge, the judge ordered that the second charge, concerning the loose manner of his riding, be read to him. The cavalier, feeling that the penalty would be doubled, said to himself: "I have done a fine thing indeed, when through Dante's visit I believed I should go free, and now I am to be doubly fined!" Having been dismissed, accused as he was, he returned home, and finding Dante, said: "You have indeed done me a good turn. Before you went to him the judge was disposed to condemn me for one offense, and after your visit he wished to condemn me for two;" and much angered at Dante, he added: "If he condemns me I am able to pay, and when it is over I will settle with him who is the cause of it." Said Dante: "I have given you such a recommendation that if you were my own child I could not have given you a better. If the judge is ill-disposed toward you, I am not the cause of it." The cavalier, shaking his head, went home. A few days afterward he was condemned to pay a thousand lire for the first offense and another thousand for the careless riding; and neither he nor any of the house of Adimari were able to forget the injury.

And this was one of the chief reasons that a short time after he was driven as a Bianco from Florence, not without disgrace to the city, and died an exile in the city of Ravenna.

NOVEL CXV.

Dante Allighieri, hearing an ass-driver sing his book and say: "Arri," struck him, saying: "I did not put that there:" and left him, as the story relates.

The last novel moves me to relate another concerning the same poet, which is brief and good. One day as Dante was going along for his diversion in a certain part of the city, wearing the gorget and the armlet, as the custom then was, he encountered an ass-driver, driving before him certain loads of refuse. The driver was going behind his asses, singing the book of Dante, and every now and then as he sang he touched up an ass, and said: "*Arri.*" When Dante came up to him he gave him a sharp blow upon the shoulders with his armlet, saying: "I did not put that '*Arri*' there!" The driver did not know who Dante was, nor what he meant to say, and only struck his asses the more sharply, and again said: "*Arri.*" When he had gone a little further he turned to Dante, and, thrusting out his tongue and puting his thumb to his nose, said, "Take that." Dante, who saw him, said: "I would not give one of mine for a hundred of yours."

O gentle words, full of wisdom! How many there are who would have run after the ass-driver, crying and raising a disturbance; others again who would have thrown stones; but the wise poet overwhelmed the ass-driver, winning praise from passers-by that heard him with those clever words which he hurled after so vile a man as was the ass-driver.

NOVEL CXXI.

Master Antonio da Ferrara, having lost at hazard at Ravenna, comes to a church, where lay the body of Dante, and taking the candles from before the crucifix carried them all and placed them at the tomb of Dante.

Master Antonio da Ferrara was a most able man, and a poet as well, and something of a courtier; but he was a man

of vice and a sinner. Being in Ravenna at the time when Bernardino da Polenta held the signory, it happened that the said Antonio, who was a great gamester, having played one day and lost about all that he possessed, in desperate mood entered the church of the Minorites, where stands the tomb of the Florentine poet, Dante; and having noticed an antique crucifix, half burned and black with smoke, on account of the great quantity of lights which had been placed before it; seeing, moreover, that many candles stood there lighted, he suddenly ran to the place, and seizing all the candles and tapers that were burning there turned to the tomb of Dante and placed them before it, saying: "Take them, for you are indeed more worthy of them than He." The people seeing this were full of amazement, and said, "What does he mean to say?" and they gazed one at another. A steward of the signory, who happened to be in the church at that hour and witnessed what transpired, when he had returned to the palace, told the Signore what he had seen master Antonio do. The Signore, like all the others favorably impressed with the deed, communicated to the Archbishop of Ravenna what master Antonio had done, suggesting that he should summon him, and make a show of instituting a process against him as a heretic, on the ground of heretical depravity. The Archbishop immediately did as he was requested; Antonio appeared, and when the complaint against him was read in order that he might refute it, he denied nothing but confessed all, saying to the Archbishop: "Even if you should be compelled to burn me, I should say nothing else; for I have always commended myself to the crucifix, and it has never done me anything but ill, and when I saw them place so many candles before it, half burned as it was (would it were wholly so!), I took away a few lights and placed them at the tomb of Dante, who seemed to me to merit them more than the crucifix; and if you do not believe me, look at the writings of one and the other. You will conclude that those of Dante are a wonder of nature and of the human intellect; and that the gospels are stupid; and indeed, if they contain anything

high and wonderful, it is not surprising, that he who sees everything and has everything, should so express himself. But that which is remarkable is, that a mere man, like Dante, who not only has not everything, but no part of everything, has nevertheless seen all and has written all. And, indeed, it seems to me that he is more worthy of the illumination than the other; and henceforward I am going to recommend myself to him; as for the rest of you, you perform your functions and look well to your comfort, and for love of it you flee all discomfort and live like poltroons. And when you wish to understand me more nearly, I will tell you about it again, for I have not yet played my last coin." The archbishop appeared to be perplexed and said: "Then you have played and you have lost? You shall return another time." Said master Antonio: "If you too had lost, you and all your kind, all that you have, I should be very glad of it. As for returning to you, that will be my affair; but whether I return or not, you will find me always so disposed or worse." The archbishop said: "Go hence with God, or if you please with the Devil, and unless I send for you we shall not see each other again. At least go and give of these fruits to the Signore which you have given to me." And so they parted. The Signore, informed of what had taken place and amused with the reasoning of Master Antonio, made him a present, that he might be able to go on gaming; and as for the candles placed before Dante, he took great pleasure in them for several days; and then he went away to Ferrara, perhaps better disposed than Master Antonio. At the time when Pope Urban the Fifth died and his portrait was placed in a noble church in a certain great city, he saw placed in front of it a lighted wax candle of two pounds weight, while before the crucifix, which was not very large, was a poor little penny dip. He took the wax candle, and placing it in front of the crucifix, said: "It is an evil hour when we wish to shift and change the rulership of the skies, as we change everywhere the powers of earth." And with this he turned homeward. Such a fine and notable speech was this as seldom might happen upon a like occasion.

NOVEL CCXVI.

Master Alberto della Magna, arriving at an inn on the Po, made him a fish out of wood, with which he caught as many fish as he wished. This the host lost after a time and went to seek master Alberto, in order that he might make him another, but was unable to obtain this favor.

I am about to commence some other novels, and first of all I shall relate one concerning a most able and holy man, whose name was master Alberto della Magna, who, while passing through a certain district of Lombardy, arrived one evening at a village on the Po, which is called the Villa di Santo Alberto. Entering into the house of a poor inn-keeper, where he thought to sup and pass the night, he saw many nets, with which the owner was accustomed to fish, and furthermore he noted many female children: whereupon he asked the host concerning his condition; how he was prospering and if these were his daughters. To which the inn-keeper replied: "My Father, I am very poor and have seven daughters; and if it was not for my fishing I should die of hunger." Then master Alberto asked him how great was his catch. And he replied: "Indeed, I do not catch as many as I need, and I am not very fortunate in this business." Then master Alberto, before he left the inn on the following morning, fashioned a fish out of wood, and called the host to him and said: "Take this fish, and tie it to your net when you cast, and you will always catch a great quantity of fish with it, and perhaps there will be so many that they will be a great help to you in marrying off your daughters." The poor host hearing this, accepted the gift very willingly, and rendered thanks most profusely to the wise man; and so he departed that morning from the inn, going on his journey to La Magna. The host, left in possession of the fish, and desirous to put its virtues to the proof, went the same day fishing; so great a multitude of fish were drawn to the bait and entered into the nets that he was scarcely able to draw them from the water and carry them home. His good luck continued; he did so well that from a poor man he became rich, to such a degree that in a short

time he had married off all his daughters. It came about, however, that fortune, envious of such prosperity, brought it to pass that one day, as he was drawing his net with a great number of fish, the cord that bound the wooden fish broke, and the fish was swept away down the Po, so that he was never able to recover it, wherefore if ever there was one who grieved over an adverse circumstance it was he, bewailing his misfortune with all his might. And when he sought to fish without the fish of wood, it came to naught; he could not catch one out of a thousand. Wherefore lamenting: "What shall I do? what shall I say?" he finally concluded to set forth, and never to rest until he arrived at La Magna, at the house of master Alberto; and to ask of him as a favor to restore the lost fish. And so he never halted until he came where master Alberto was; and here with the greatest reverence and with weeping he knelt and related the benefits he had received from him; what an infinite number of fish he had caught and how, the cord being broken, the fish had gone down the Po, and had been lost. Moreover he besought his holiness, that for their welfare and out of pity for himself and his daughters, he should make him another fish in order that he might restore to him that favor which he had once conferred upon him. Master Alberto turned to him and with a voice full of sorrow said: "My child, I should be very glad if I were able to do that which you ask; but I cannot, for I must let you know that when I made you the fish which I gave you, the heavens and all the planets were at that hour so disposed as to confer especial virtue upon the fish; and if you and I presume to say, that this point and this conjunction may return, when another might be made with equal virtue, clearly and surely this cannot happen from now on for thirty-six thousand years: so that you can see if it be possible to reproduce what once I made." Having listened for a while, the inn-keeper commenced to weep bitterly, bewailing loudly his misfortune, saying: "If I had known this, I should have bound it with a wire, and held it so firmly that I never should have lost it." Then master Alberto an

swered: "Child, be still, for you are not the first man that has not known how to retain his luck, which God has sent; but there have been many and abler men than you who not only have not understood how to use the small opportunity which you have used, but have not even known how to sieze it when it has been put before them." So after much conversation, and with such consolation, the poor inn-keeper departed and returned to his meagre life, still gazing out upon the Po, if perchance he might see his lost fish. But he might look well, for it was perhaps already in the greater sea, with many fish about it, and with it neither man nor fortune. And thus he lived what time pleased God, lamenting to himself the lost fish, so that it would have been much better if he had never seen it. So it happens every day that fortune shows herself propitious, only to see who has the wit to seize her; and often times he who best knows how to lay hold upon her, derives no benefit thereby; and many times it comes to pass that he who knows not how to seize upon her ever afterward laments and lives miserable, saying: "I could have such and such a thing, but would not." Others seize upon her, but understand how to hold her only a short time, as did this inn-keeper. But taking all our happenings together, he who fails to seize the opportunity which time and fortune offers, when he bethinks himself he looks again and finds it not, unless he waits thirty-six thousand years, as said our wise man, which saying seems to me to be in conformity with that which certain philosophers have already said, that six and thirty thousand years from now the world will turn into that disposition which it has at present. There have been already in my day those who have left their property so that their children were unable to sell or pledge it, wherefore it appears to me that they hold to this opinion, that they may find their own when they return at the end of six and thirty thousand years.

POGGIO BRACCIOLINI.

Born at Terranova, in the territory of Florence, 1380. Studied Latin under John of Ravenna, and Greek under Manuel Chrysoloras. An able copyist, he was received into the service of the Roman curia about 1402. Here he served as secretary for a period of fifty years. Poggio acquired fame as a discoverer of classical manuscripts. In 1452, returned to Florence, and the following year was made chancellor aud historiographer to the republic. Died here in 1459. Chief works are a History of Florence, the *Facetiae* and various moral essays.

EXTRACTS FROM THE FACETIAE.*

XVII. Concerning a tailor of Visconti, by manner of comparison.

Pope Martin had charged Antonio Lusco with the preparation of a letter. After having read the same he ordered him to submit it to one of my friends, in whom he had the greatest confidence. This friend, who was at the table and a little warmed with wine, perhaps, disapproved of the letter completely and said that it ought to be re-written. Here Antonio said to Bartholomew de' Bardi, who happened to be present: "I will correct my letter in the same way that the tailor widened the breeches of Gian Galeazzo Visconti; to-morrow, before dinner, I will return and the letter will be satisfactory." Bartholomew asked him what he meant by that. "Gian Galeazzo Visconti, father of the elder Duke of Milan," said Antonio, "was a man of high stature, and excessively corpulent. One day, when he had lined his stomach, as frequently happened, with an abundance of food and drink, and betaken himself to bed, he summoned his tailor and overwhelmed him with reproaches, charging him with having made his breeches too narrow, and ordering him to enlarge them in such a way that they would no longer inconvenience him. 'It shall be done,' replied the tailor, 'according to your desire; to-morrow morning this garment will fit you to perfection.' The tailor took the breeches and hung them upon a peg without changing them in the least. Somebody said to him: 'Why don't

* Les Facéties de Pogge Traduites en Français, avec le Texte Latin. 2 v. Paris, 1878.

you widen this garment which the great belly of Monsignor filled to bursting?' 'To-morrow,' said the tailor, 'when Monsignor rises, his digestion finished, the breeches will be quite large enough for him.' Next morning he returned with the breeches and Visconti, drawing them on, remarked: 'Now you see they fit me perfectly; they no longer bind me anywhere.' And in the same way will the letter please," Antonio said, "when once the wine has been slept away."

XIX. Exhortations of a cardinal to the soldiers of the Pope.

It was in Piceno, during the war which the Cardinal of Spain waged against the enemies of the Pope. The two armies found themselves face to face, and it was necessary that the partisans of the Pope should once for all conquer or be conquered. The Cardinal encouraged the soldiers to fight with fair words: he swore that those who fell in the battle should sup with God and with the angels; that all their sins should be forgiven; hoping by these means to spur them on to give themselves to death. Having come to the end of his promises, he was retiring from the fray, when one of the soldiers said to him: "How about you? don't you want to sup with us too?" "No," he replied, "this is not my hour for supper; I am not hungry."

XXII. Concerning a priest who, instead of priestly vestments, carried capons to his bishop.

A bishop of Arezzo, Angelo by name, an acquaintance of ours, convoked one day his clergy for a synod, and ordered all who were clothed with any dignity whatsoever to set out upon the journey with the priestly habits, or as they say in Italian, with *cappe e cotte*. A certain priest who did not possess these vestments, reflected sadly to himself, not knowing how he might procure them. His housekeeper, seeing him thoughtful with downcast head, asked the reason of his grief. He replied that, according to the orders of the bishop, it was necessary to go the synod with *cappe e cotte*. "But, my good man," replied the housekeeper, "you have not grasped the meaning of this order: Monsignor does not demand *cappe e cotte*, but rather *capponi cotti;* that is what

you must take him." The priest followed the woman's advice. He carried along cooked capons, and was exceedingly well received. The bishop went so far as to say, with a smile, that he alone, among all his brethren, had comprehended the true sense of the command.

XXXVI. Concerning a priest who gave burial to a pet dog.

There was in Tuscany a wealthy country priest. He lost a little dog, of which he was very fond, and buried him in the churchyard. This came to the ears of the bishop, who, coveting the priest's money, summoned him for punishment, as if he had committed a great crime. The parish priest, who understood his bishop quite well, presented himself before his superior with fifty golden ducats. The prelate reproached him sternly with having given burial to a dog, and ordered him to be thrown into prison. "O father," replied the cunning fellow, "if you only knew the wisdom of that little dog, you would not wonder that he deserved burial along with human beings. His intelligence was more than human in his lifetime, and especially at the moment of his death." "What do you mean by that?" asked the bishop. "At the close of his life," the priest continued, "he made his will, and, knowing that you were needy, he left you fifty golden ducats. Here they are." The bishop then approved the will and the burial, pocketed the money and dismissed the priest.

LV. A story of Mancini.

Mancini, a peasant of my village, used to carry grain to Figlino upon a drove of asses, which he hired for the purpose. One time, as he was returning from market, tired with the journey, he mounted upon the best of the animals. As he approached home he counted the asses ambling along before him, and, forgetting the one upon which he was riding, imagined that one of them was lacking. Greatly agitated, he left the asses with his wife, telling her to return them to their owners, and returned to the market, more than seven miles away, without dismounting. On the way, he inquired of every passer-by if he had not seen a stray ass.

Each one replied that he had not. At night he returned home sad and totally discouraged at having lost an ass. Finally, upon his wife's entreaty, he dismounted and discovered that which he had sought with so great pains.

LVII. Ingenious retort of Dante, the Florentine poet.

Dante Allighieri, our Florentine poet, received for some time at Verona the hospitality of the elder Cane della Scala, a most generous prince. Cane had ever in his company another Florentine, a man without birth, learning or tact, who was good for nothing but to laugh and play the fool. His silly jokes, for they were not worthy the name of wit, so pleased Cane that he made him rich presents. Dante, a man of the greatest learning, modest as he was wise, regarded this person as a stupid beast, as he had reason to. "How does it come to pass," said one day the Florentine to Dante, "that you are poor and needy, you who pass for learned and wise, while I am rich, I who am stupid and ignorant?" "When I shall find," replied Dante, "a master like myself, and whose tastes are similar to my own, as you have found one, then he will enrich me too." Excellent and just reply; for the great are ever pleased with the company of their like.

LVIII. Witty reply of the same poet.

Dante was one time at the table between the elder and the younger of the Cani della Scala. In order to put the joke upon him the attendants of the two lords threw stealthily all the bones at the feet of Dante. On arising from the table the whole company turned toward Dante, astonished to see so great a quantity of bones at his place. But he, quick to take advantage of the situation, said: "Surely it is nothing to wonder at if the Dogs have eaten their bones. I myself am no dog."

LX. Concerning a man who searched for his drowned wife in the river.

Another man, whose wife was drowned, searched for her body up the stream. A passer-by, much surprised, said to him that he ought to search for her down the current. "I

should never find her that way," replied the man. "She was, when living, so stubborn and self-willed, and so contrary in her habits, that even after death she would never have been willing to float except against the stream."

LXXI. Concerning a shepherd who made an incomplete confession.

A shepherd of that part of the kingdom of Naples where brigandage is a profession, came once to seek a confessor, to whom he might relate his sins. Kneeling at the priest's feet in tears, he said: "Pardon me, father, for I have sinned deeply." The priest urged him to confess all, but he hesitated for a long time, like a man who had committed some horrible crime. Finally, as the confessor urged him, he said: "One fast-day, as I was making cheese, some drops of milk from the curd which I was pressing flew into my mouth, and I neglected to spit them out." The priest, who knew the customs of the neighborhood, smiled when he heard this man accuse himself of having failed to observe the fast, as if it were a great sin, and asked him if there were not some other misdeeds upon his conscience. The shepherd said there were not. "Have you not, you and your comrades, robbed or assassinated any traveler, as so often happens in your neighborhood?" "O, as for that," replied the other, "I have killed and robbed more than one of them, I and my friends; but that happens so often with us that nobody attaches any importance to it." The confessor had difficulty in making him understand that these were two grave crimes. The shepherd, unable to believe that murder and robbery, which were habitual occurrences in his country, could be productive of serious results, desired absolution only for the milk which he had drunk. Sad result of the habit of sin, which causes the greatest crimes to be regarded as trivial occurrences.

LXXV. Concerning the Duke of Anjou, who showed to Ridolfo a rich treasure.

They were censuring, in a group of learned men, the foolish anxiety of those who give themselves so many pains and so much labor in searching for and in buying precious

stones. "Ridolfo de Camerino," said one of the company, "very cleverly chided the stupidity of the Duke of Anjou, on his departure for the kingdom of Naples. Ridolfo had come to see him in his camp; the Duke showed him objects of great cost, and amongst others, pearls, sapphires, carbuncles and other stones of immense value. After having looked at them, Ridolfo asked what these stones were worth and of what good they were. The Duke replied that their cost was enormous, and that they produced nothing. "Indeed," said Ridolfo, "I will show you, myself, two stones which have cost me ten florins, and which bring me in two hundred yearly." The Duke was astonished; Ridolfo conducted him to a mill which he had caused to be built, and showed him a pair of mill stones: "Behold," he said, "those which surpass in usefulness and profit all your precious stones."

CXXIV. Pleasantry at the expense of an envoy from Perugia.

At the time when the Florentines were at war with Pope Gregory, the people of Perugia, who had deserted the party of the sovereign pontiff for those of Florence, sent to that city certain ambassadors to demand aid. One of them, who was a Doctor, began a long discourse, and at the start, as an introduction to the matter in hand, pronounced these words: "*Date nobis de oleo vestro.*" Another of the party, a humorous fellow, who detested such circumlocutions, interrupted him: "What is this about oil?" he cried. "You ask for oil when it is soldiers that we are in need of. Have you forgotten that we have come here to ask for arms, and not oil?" "But these are the very words of the Scripture," replied the Doctor. "A fine reason for their use," retorted the other. "We are the enemies of the church, and you call the Holy Scriptures to our aid!" The humor of this man caused the whole company to laugh; the flow of useless words which the Doctor had prepared was cut short, and they came at once to the point of the negotiation.

CXXV. Concerning the Ambassadors from Perugia to Pope Urban.

The people of Perugia had also sent three ambassadors to

Pope Urban V. at Avignon. On their arrival the pope happened to be severely ill; however, in order not to keep them too long in suspense, he gave orders that they should be introduced, but requesting in advance that they should present their affairs in as brief a manner as possible. One of them, a grave Doctor, during the journey had committed to memory a long discourse with which he intended to address the pontiff; and, disregarding utterly the fact that his Holiness was sick and confined to his bed, he set himself to speaking at such length that the Holy Father, at various intervals, betrayed the annoyance which he felt. When the thoughtless individual had come at length to the end of his oration, Urban asked the others, with his usual courtesy, if they had anything to add. One of the ambassadors, who was sensible of the stupidity of his colleague and of the annoyance of the pope as well, thereupon said: "Most Holy Father, our orders read expressly that if you do not consent at once to our request we shall not retire until our colleague has repeated his discourse." This pleasantry caused the sovereign pontiff to smile, and he gave orders that their business should receive immediate attention.

CCXXX. How a loud preacher was put to shame.

A religious, who preached often, had the habit of crying very loud, as some fools do. One of the women who were present began to weep at the sound of these formidable outbursts, so that finally the religious noticed her. Persuaded that it was his sermon which had recalled to this woman's mind the love of God, moved her conscience and brought her to tears, he summoned her to him and asked of her the cause of her groans; whether perchance it might be his words that had moved her and caused her to melt into pious tears, as he believed. The woman replied to the preacher that she was profoundly moved and saddened by his cries, and by the sound of his voice. "I am a widow," she said, "and my late lamented left me an ass, by the labor of which I have managed to subsist. This ass had the habit of braying night and day, like your worship; but it is dead, and now I

am miserable, without the means of living. So, when I heard you speak so loud and with a voice that seemed to me in every way like that of my ass, the thought of the poor beast made me weep in spite of myself." So was put to shame the stupidity of this preacher, who merited rather the name of brayer.

DESCRIPTION BY POGGIO THE FLORENTINE OF THE DEATH AND PUNISHMENT OF JEROME OF PRAGUE.*

Poggio to Leonardo Aretino, S. P. D.

When for several days I was staying at the baths I wrote thence a letter to our Nicholas which I suppose you will read. When I returned to Constance, or a few days later, the case of Jerome was taken up, whom they call a heretic, and indeed publicly. I have determined to review this case for you, both because of its importance, and more particularly on account of the eloquence and learning of the man. I confess that I have never seen any one, who in a matter of pleading, involving life or death, came so near the eloquence of the ancients, whom we so greatly admire. It was wonderful to see with what words, with what eloquence, with what arguments, with what countenance, with what language and with what confidence he replied to his adversaries, and how justly he put his case: so that it is impossible not to regret that so noble and prominent a genius should be diverted to the interests of heresy, if indeed those things are true, which are charged against him. For I have no disposition to pass judgment upon such a case: I leave that to be determined by those who are held to be more expert. Nor do I intend to give a detailed report of the case after the manner of court reporters; it would be too long, and the work of many days. I shall touch upon certain of the more important points, in which you may observe the learning of the man. Although many things had been brought against this Jerome, which seemed to indicate the existence of

* Ortvin Gratius: *Fasciculus Rerum, etc.* Ed. Brown. London, 1690. Vol. I., pp. 170–174.

heresy, and these were confirmed by the testimony of witnesses; yet it pleased the assembly that he should reply publicly to those charges one by one which had been brought against him. So he was led into the assembly, and when he was ordered to reply to these things he still refused, saying that he ought to be allowed to state his own case, rather than to reply to the slanders of his adversaries. In the same way he asserted that he ought first to be heard upon his own behalf, and later he might take up the calumnies which his adversaries had directed against himself. But when this concession was denied him, still standing in the midst of the assembly, he said: "How great a wrong is this, that while for three hundred and forty days I have languished in strictest confinement, in squalor and filth, shackled and deprived of everything, you have constantly given audience to my opponents and detractors, and yet refuse to hear me one single hour. Hence it follows, that while the ears of each of you have been open to these things, and after so long a time, they have persuaded you that I am a heretic, an enemy of the faith, a persecutor of the clergy, yet to me no opportunity is given for defending myself. If you have prejudged me in your minds an evil man, how will you be able to determine what I really am? And (he said) you are men, not gods; not immortal, but mortal, liable to fall into error, to mistake, to be deceived, duped and led astray. In this gathering are said to be the lights of the world, the wiser ones of earth. Most of all it becomes you then to take great pains, lest anything be done inconsiderately or unadvisedly or against justice. For my part I am a human being, whose life is in the balance; but I say these things not for my own sake, who am but mortal. It seems to me unworthy of your wisdom to set against me so many men in violation of all justice, and a thing likely to be harmful not so much in this instance as by example. These and many things beside he said most elegantly, interrupted in his speech with the noise and murmurings of many present. Then it was decreed that he should reply first to the errors which were urged against him; and that afterwards

an opportunity be given him to speak as he chose. Thereupon the heads of the accusation were read one by one from the pulpit and afterwards substantiated with testimony. Then he was asked if he desired to make objection. It is incredible how adroitly he replied, and with what arguments he defended himself. He advanced nothing unworthy of a good man; as though he felt confident, as he publicly asserted, that no just reason could be found for his death nor even for his conviction of the least offence. He declared all the charges to be false, invented by his rivals. Among other things, when in the reading he was branded as a slanderer of the apostolic see, an opponent of the Roman pontiff, an enemy to the cardinals, a persecutor of prelates, and hostile to the Christian clergy, then rising with a voice of complaint and hands outstretched: "Whither shall I turn now, O conscript fathers? Of whom shall I seek aid? Whose intercession shall I seek? whom call in my behalf? Not you! For these my persecutors have turned your minds from my welfare; branding me as the general enemy of those who are to sit in judgment upon me. They have indeed trusted that even if those things which they have invented against me should seem trivial, you would nevertheless crush with your verdict the common enemy and opponent of all, which they have most falsely made me out to be; therefore if you trust their words, there is no longer any hope for my safety." Many he touched with humor, many with satire, many he often caused to laugh in spite of the sad affair, jesting at their reproaches. When he was asked what he believed concerning the sacrament, he said, "First it is bread and afterwards the true body of Christ, and the rest according to the faith." Then a certain one remarked: "They say you have declared that it remains bread after consecration." He replied, "At the baker's it remains bread." To a certain other one, of the order of Dominicans, who inveighed bitterly against him, he said, "Peace, hypocrite!" To another who swore against him on his conscience, he said: "This is the surest way of deceiving." A certain distinguished opponent he never

spoke of except as a dog or an ass. When on account of the number and weight of the charges, it was impossible to complete the matter on this day, it was continued to a third day; when the heads of the various accusations were repeated and afterwards confirmed by many witnesses. Thereupon the accused, rising, said: "Since you have listened so attentively to my adversaries, it is right and proper that you should hear me with unbiased minds." Then notwithstanding much confusion, permission was granted him to speak. He, in the beginning, prayed that God should grant him such understanding and such power of speaking as might be turned to the profit and safety of his soul. Then: "I know, most reverend doctors," he said, "that many very excellent men, bearing up bravely against indignities, overwhelmed with false witnesses, have been condemned with iniquitous judgments." At first he took them back to Socrates, unjustly condemned by his fellow-citizens, he who, when occasion offered, was yet unwilling to escape, lest he should thereby yield to the fear of those two things which seem most bitter to men, imprisonment and death. Then he mentioned the captivity of Plato, the flight of Anaxagoras, and the torture of Zeno, and the unjust condemnation of many other pagans; the exile of Rupilius, the unworthy death of Boetius and others whom Boetius himself mentions. Thence he passed to Hebrew examples; and first instanced Moses, the liberator of his people and their legislator, how he had often been caluminated by his people, called the betrayer and the despiser of his race. Joseph, first of all sold by his brethren through envy, then thrown into chains upon suspicion of adultery. Along with these Isaiah, Daniel and almost all the prophets assailed with unjust judgments as despisers of God or seditious. Then he brought forward the judgment of Susanna; and of many others of the greatest sanctity, who nevertheless perished by false judgments. Afterward coming down to John the Baptist, and then to our Saviour, he proceeded to show how in each case they were condemned by false witnesses and false judges. Then Stephen, put to death by the priesthood, and the

Apostles, all of them, condemned to death, not as good men, but as inciting the people to sedition, as despisers of the Gods and doers of evil deeds. It was a crime that a priest should be unjustly condemned by a priest, and he showed that it was the greatest crime that this should be done by a company of priests, and proved it by example, but most iniquitous of all, by a council of priests; and he showed that this had happened. These things he clearly set forth, much to the interest of all, and since the whole weight of the case depended upon the witnesses, he showed with much reason that no confidence was to be placed in them, particularly when they spoke, not out of conviction, but from hatred, illwill and envy. Then he laid bare the causes of their hatred in such a way that he lacked little of bringing conviction. They were of such a character that (except in a matter of faith) little credence would have been given to their evidence. The minds of all were moved and turned toward mercy; for he added that he had come to Constance of his own free will, to clear himself. He described his life and studies, full of services and virtues. Such he said was the custom of the most learned and holiest men of old, that they held diverse opinions in matters of faith, not to the injury of the faith, but to the discovery of the truth. In this way Augustine and Jerome differed, not alone that they held diverse opinions, but also contrary ones; and this with no suspicion of heresy. But all expected that either he should purge himself of heresy, by retracting the things charged against him, or should ask pardon for his errors. But he asserted that he had not erred, and pointing out the falsity of the charges made by others, was unwilling himself to retract. So coming down to praise John Huss, who had been condemned to be burnt, he called him a good man, just and holy, unworthy of such a death, saying that he himself was prepared to go to any punishment whatsoever, with brave and steadfast mind; even to deliver himself to his enemies and to those lying witnesses, who sometime, in the presence of God, whom they could not deceive, would be called to account for the things which they had said. Great was the

grief of those present; for they desired to see so worthy a man saved, if he had shown a reasonable disposition. But he persevered in his opinion, and seemed moreover to seek death. In his praise of John Huss he said that Huss had never held opinions hostile to the Church of God itself, but only against the abuses of the clergy, against the pride, the arrogance and the pomp of prelates. For since the patrimony of the churches was first intended for the poor, then for the hospitals, then for the building of churches, it seemed to this good man a shame that it should come to be wasted upon harlots, banquets, food for horses and dogs, elegant garments and other things unworthy of the religion of Christ. But here he displayed the greatest cleverness; for when his speech was often interrupted with various disturbances, and he was assailed by some who carped at his opinions, he left no one of them unscathed, but turned trenchantly upon them, forced them either to blush or to be still. When murmurs rose he was silent, occasionally rebuking the throng. Then he proceeded with his discourse, beseeching them and imploring that they should suffer him to speak (when they were no longer disposed to give him audience). He never showed fear of these outcries, but his mind remained firm and fearless. Indeed his argument is worthy of remembrance. For 340 days he lay in the bottom of a foul, dark tower. He himself complained of the harshness of this treatment, but asserted that he, as became a good and brave man, did not complain because he had to bear these indignities, but because he wondered at the inhumanity shown him. In the dungeon he had not only no facilities for reading, but not even for seeing. I leave out of consideration the mental anxiety which must have tortured him daily, all memory of which he sought to put aside. Yet when he cited in testimony of his opinions so many of the most learned and wisest of men, and brought forward so many doctors of the church in proof of his contention, that it would have been sufficient and more than sufficient, if during all this time, with perfect comfort and quiet he could have devoted himself to the study of wisdom;

his voice was full, clear and soft; his posture oratorical with a certain dignity, expressing indignation and moving pity, which, however, he neither sought, nor desired to obtain. He stood there fearless and unterrified, not alone despising death, but seeking it; so that you would have said he was another Cato. O, man worthy of the everlasting memory of men! I praise not that which he advanced, if anything, against the institutions of the church; but I admire his learning, his comprehensive knowledge, his eloquence, his persuasiveness of speech, his cleverness in reply. But I fear that nature had given all these things to him for his destruction. A space of two days was given him for repentance. Many of the most learned men approached him, seeking to move him from his way of thinking. Among them the Cardinal of Florence went to him, in order to bring him into the right path. But when with even greater obstinacy he persevered in his errors, and was condemned by the council for heresy and burned with fire, he went to his fate with joyful and willing countenance; for he feared not the fire, nor any kind of torture or of death. None of the Stoics ever suffered death with a mind so steadfast and brave, so that he seemed to have longed for it. When he came to the place of death, he laid aside his garments. Then kneeling down, on bended knee he saluted the stake, to which he had been bound. He was bound first with wet ropes, then with a chain, naked to the stake, and about him were placed great pieces of wood up to his breast, with stakes driven about. When the fire was brought be began to sing a hymn, which the smoke and fire scarcely interrupted. But what most showed his strength of courage was this: when the executioners wished to start the fire behind his back (that he might not see it), "Come here," he said, "and light the fire in front of me. If I had been afraid of it, I should never have come to this place (which it was possible to avoid)." In this manner a man worthy (except in respect of faith), was burned. I saw this death, and watched its stages, one by one. Whether moved by perfidy or stubbornness, you would surely have said that this was the end

of a man schooled in philosophy. I have chatted to you so at length, because of idleness, for doing nothing, I wished something to do, and to tell you of these things, so like the histories of the ancients. For not Mutius himself suffered his arm to burn with such high courage as did this man his whole body. Nor did Socrates drink the poison so willingly as he accepted fire. But enough of this. Be economical of my words, if I have been too long. The affair really demands a longer description; but I do not wish to be verbose. Farewell, my excellent Leonardo. Constance, the third day before the Calends of June; the same day on which this Jerome suffered the penalty of heresy. Farewell, and love me.

LEON BATTISTA ALBERTI.

Place and time of birth undetermined. Thought to be Venice, in 1404. Alberti's talents covered a wide range of subjects. He is known as a writer of Latin verse, as a musician and as an architect. Employed by Nicholas V. in the restoration of the papal palace and of other Roman buildings. Died at Rome in 1472 (1484). Chief works are upon Sculpture, Painting and Architecture.

EXTRACT FROM THE *Trattato del Governo della Famiglia.**

Children. What things do you find necessary to a family?

Agnolo. Many things. Good fortune, which is not wholly within the power of men.

Children. But those which are within the power of men, what are they?

Agnolo. They are: to possess a home, where the family may be gathered together; to have wherewith to feed the children; to be able to clothe them, and to give them learning and good manners. For nothing appears to me so necessary to the family as to cause the young people to be studious and virtuous, reverent, and willing to hearken to advice; for when reverence and obedience are lacking in the young, then vice grows in them from day to day, either as

* Edited by Antonio Fortunato Stella, Milan, 1811. Attributed to Agnolo Pandolfini.

the result of a depraved nature, or through evil conversation and waste and corrupt habits. Everywhere you see children full of gentleness, pure and diligent, turn out badly through the negligence of him who has failed to govern them properly. It is not the sole duty of the father of the family to keep the granary and cellar of the house filled, but also to watch and to observe, to note what company his children keep, to examine their habits at home and abroad, and to detect all evil practices; to constrain his children with suitable words rather than with anger and contempt; to make use of authority rather than force, to refrain from severity and harshness when there is no need; always to conserve the welfare and repose of the whole household; to rule the minds of children and nephews so that they shall not depart from the duty and the rule of life; to provide in advance against every danger which may threaten the family, kindling in their childish minds love and appreciation of things of worth and value, rooting up all vices, putting before them the good example of his own life, and above all restraining the excessive license of youth. So ought children to be reared and educated.

Children. We pray God to give us grace so to do.

Nephews. And how will you observe good husbandry in this? We are a large family, we have great expenses, and we all desire to be like you, good managers, moderate, honest, continent, to live sumptuously at home and decently abroad. How ought we then to do?

Agnolo. As best you may, according as the time is one of prosperity or adversity. I am of the opinion that in our living and in all our affairs reason avails more than chance; and prudence holds its own against misfortune. Flee idleness, wantonness, treachery, indolence and unbridled greed. Be gentle, self-possessed, humane, benevolent and free from ignorance, vice, insolence and pride, and with graciousness and tact seek the good will and affection of your fellow citizens. *Envy ceases where pomp ends. Hatred is extinguished where distinctions of rank cease. Enmity is spent where no offence is given. Strive to be that which you wish to appear.*

Children and Nephews. These are the best of precepts; but in order that we may completely master your teaching and doctrine, suppose the case that you are of our age, that you have wife and children, (and having once possessed them you are experienced); in what manner would you arrange your affairs,—how would you manage?

Agnolo. My children and nephews, if I were of your age I should be capable of many things, which now I may not undertake. The first thing would be to have a home well ordered and appointed, where I should be able to live with all convenience and comfort, without having to move about. *Moving about is too harmful, too full of expense, discomfort and vexation.* Things are lost, mislaid, spoiled, broken, and through these evils the mind is greatly disturbed and disconcerted, and it takes some time before you are again well settled. I leave out of account the expense of rearranging the home. I should take care to occupy a clean and wholesome house, well aired (for the age of childhood has great reason to fear bad air and conditions unfavorable to health), and I should observe to what age people had lived there, and whether the old people had remained well and vigorous. My children, *the well man always wins in any case whatsoever; the sick man may never call himself rich.*

Children and Nephews. And what seems to you to be requisite to health?

Agnolo. First of all, that which we are obliged to use just as we find it, whether we will or not. This is the air. Next, the other things necessary to our existence: good and sound food, and especially good wine.

Children. And in that place you would live?

Agnolo. Yes, where I thought it best for me to be, for me and mine.

Children and Nephews. What would you do if you wished to change your residence? Would you buy a home or rent one?

Agnolo. Certainly I should not rent; for in time a man finds that he has bought a house and still has it not. If I had not one already, I should buy an airy, spacious house,

of a size to contain my family, and more, in order that I might entertain one of my friends, if he should come to see me; and I should spend upon this purchase as little money as possible.

Children. Would you take a house in an out-of-the-way place, where houses are cheaper?

Agnolo. Do not say cheaper. Nothing is dear, if the money is spent on something that suits. Therefore, I should seek to buy a house that would suit me; but I should not pay for it more than it was worth, nor should I show myself an eager purchaser. I should choose a house located in a good neighborhood, in a well-known street, where respectable people were living, whose friendship I might acquire without harm, so that my wife might enjoy the virtuous companionship of their ladies. Moreover, I should inform myself as to who had previously dwelt there, and I should insist upon knowing whether they had lived there sound and well. There are some houses in which it seems that no one can live happily.

Children. Indeed you speak truly. We remember to have heard of a beautiful and imposing house. A certain one who lived there lost everything; another remained there alone; another was driven forth with much disgrace. All turned out badly.

Nephews. Surely these observations of yours are worth attention: to have a suitable house in a good and reputable neighborhood. And having this, how would you arrange your other economies?

Agnolo. I should see to it that all of mine should live under the same roof; that they should be warmed at the same fire and seated at the same table.

Children. We can imagine your pleasure in seeing yourself in their midst, father of all, surrounded, loved, revered as the master of all; and in the training of youth, which is for the aged the highest pleasure, since virtuous children afford to their parents much aid, honor and praise. In the care of the father lies the virtue of the children. A careful and painstaking father ennobles his family.

Agnolo. That is true; but, believe me, there is yet a greater economy in living behind a single threshold.

Children. You say this?

Agnolo. And I will make you certain of it. Tell me: if now it were night and dark, and some one should light a candle in your midst, you, I and these others would enjoy the light sufficiently to read, write and do whatever might be necessary. But if we go apart, one hither and one thither, each wishing to use the light as before, do you believe that one burning candle will suffice for us, as when we were all together?

Children. Truly not. Who can doubt it? For where formerly one light burned for all, now divided and gone asunder, there would be need of three.

Agnolo. And now if it should be very cold, and together we had taken coals and lighted a great fire, and now you wish to have your part of it elsewhere, and these others carry their portions away, will you be able to warm yourself as well, or worse?

Children. Worse.

Agnolo. So it happens with the family. Many things there are that suffice for many persons living together, but which are insufficient for a few here and there in various places. Quite other power and favor, quite other praise and reputation, quite other authority and credit will he enjoy who finds himself surrounded with his family. He will be more feared and more esteemed than he who goes forth with few about him and without the company of his own people. Much more will the father of a family be recognized and regarded, whom many of his people follow, than he who goes alone. The abundance of persons constitutes the value of the family. Let not the family be divided, for where formerly it was large, there will be but two small groups. *The utility and honor of the whole family ought to be preferred to that of the individual.* The head that is not supported by all the members falls. The divided family is not alone diminished, but every social grade and favor heretofore acquired is lost. Every one respects a united family; two

discordant families enjoy no regard. I wish now to speak as a man rather practical than learned, and to adduce reasons in support of my proposition. For two tables two cloths are spread, two fires are kindled, and two fires consume two portions of wood. For two tables two servants are employed, where for one table one servant answers. I need not follow out the thought; you can complete it for yourselves. In dividing one family into two it is necessary to double the expense; and there are many other disadvantages, more evident in practice than in theory. This dividing of the family has never pleased me, nor does it please me now; this going and coming through many doorways. Nor would my spirit permit that you should live without me, under another roof.

Children. For all of which we honor you.

Agnolo. Yes, my children, under one roof the family lives to best advantage. However, when the children are grown up, or the increasing family makes the dwelling too small to hold them all, let those who go away at least depart of their own pleasure.

Children. O, speech worthy of being held perpetually in memory! With one will shall the family stand! But then when all are at home and desire to sup and dine?

Agnolo. Let it be so arranged that they may sup and dine in due season and well.

Nephews. Do you mean by that to eat of good food?

Agnolo. Good, my children, and abundant. Not indeed pea-fowls, capons, partridges, pheasants, and other choice food of the kind, which are fit for invalids or for banquets; but let a substantial table be prepared, so that no one of us, accustomed to our fare, may desire to dine elsewhere, hoping thereby the better to satisfy his hunger. Let the home table be well supplied with wine and bread. Let the wine be honest, and the bread as well, and with these pure and abundant condiments.

Nephews. That is a good idea. And would you buy these things from day to day?

Agnolo. I should not buy them at all, for that would not

be economy. Whoever sells his things, sells only those he no longer cares to retain. Who, think you, will deprive his house of the best rather than the worst, and that which he deems it no longer prudent to retain? In some cases, however, from need of money, the better articles are sold.

Nephews. We are persuaded of it, and he who would be prudent will sell the least valuable first, and when he sells the better articles, he will sell them for more than cost.

Agnolo. True. It is desirable, however, to have at hand the things that are needed, to have tested them and to know their season; so that I am better pleased to have them in the house than to seek them elsewhere.

Children. Would you wish to have in the house a whole year's consumption at one time?

Agnolo. I should like to have in the house that which is needed, and that which can be kept without risk, annoyance or extra labor, or without giving cause for accidents or too much lumbering up the house. That which would not keep I should sell, and refurnish myself from time to time, for it is better to leave the labor and risk of these things to others until the time of their use.

Nephews. Would you sell that which you had previously bought?

Agnolo. Insomuch as I might do so, if by keeping it I should incur loss. If I had my choice I should not wish to sell this or that article, because these things belong to low and mercenary occupations. Economy demands that sometimes you should lay in a large supply and that you should furnish yourself with everything in season. Still I tell you that I should not like to be obliged to pay out my ready cash every year.

Children. We do not see how that can be avoided.

Agnolo. I will show you. I should manage to have an estate, which, with less expense than buying in the market, would keep the house supplied with grain, wine, oats, wood, fodder and the like. Then I should raise sheep, poultry, pigeons, and even fish. I should buy this property out of my capital, and not hire it, for then it would be mine and

my children's, and my nephews' as well; so that we should have more interest in its care, and in seeing that it was well cultivated, since my successors in their time would reap the fruits of my planting.

Nephews. Would you expect to gather from your land in a single location grain, wine, oil, fodder and wood?

Agnolo. Indeed I should.

Children. To grow good wine side-hills and a southern exposure are necessary. To grow good grain requires flat land, mellow and light. Good wood grows on the mountains and on steep places; hay in cool, damp meadows. Do you expect to find such a diversity in any one locality? Are there indeed many localities adapted at once to the vine, to grain crops, to wood and pasturage? And if you found such a place, do you believe you could acquire it, except at a high price?

Agnolo. I believe it would cost dear. But I remember that in the vicinity of Florence there are many sites in crystalline air, charming country, fine view, few fogs and harmful winds, good water, everything healthful, pure and good; and many handsome houses, like seignorial palaces (many are built like fortresses,—like castles), superb and splendid edifices. I should seek an estate, such that, taking there a measure of salt, I should be able to feed my family the whole year through, and give them the whole year what they needed—if not all, at least the necessary things, such as bread, wine, oil, wood and corn. To see that nothing was lacking I should often inspect the fields, and indeed the whole estate; and I should prefer to have it all together, or at least the separate portions not far distant from each other, in order to be able the more easily to go over it both on horse and afoot.

Children. A good idea, for then the laborers from one end to the other would not neglect their tasks, and then you would not have trouble with them so often.

Agnolo. It is beyond belief how roguery has grown amongst the peasantry. Their every thought is to deceive us; and you may be sure they never err on the side of their

own disadvantage in your dealings with them. They always see to it that something of your share remains with them. In the first place the peasant asks you to buy his ox, or his sheep, goat, swine or horse. Then he demands a loan to satisfy his creditors; something more to clothe his family, a dowry for his daughter, something to rebuild his cottage or other buildings, farming utensils to be replaced, and he never ceases with his complaints. And when he has been well paid, better perhaps than his master, he still continues to lament and to plead poverty. Something he will always be in want of, and he never talks with you that it does not cost you something. If the harvest is abundant, he always retains the better share for himself. If, on account of bad weather or any other cause, the harvest fails, he sets aside for you the damaged portion, and reserves the greater part of the useful product for himself; the useless and injured he always leaves for you.

Nephews. Then it would be better to spend your money in town, in furnishing your house, than to have to do with such persons.

Agnolo. Nay, it is useful, my children, to have to do with such persons, and to deal with rustic dispositions, in order that you may better understand how to deal with your fellow-citizens of equal rank. The country people teach us not to be negligent, *and if you are careful in your own affairs neither your farmers nor other people will be able to cheat you much*, and you will not be obliged to endure their malice. Indeed, you may laugh at it.

ÆNEAS SYLVIUS.

Born at Corsignano, near Siena, 1405. Studied at the universities of Siena and Florence. Attended the council of Basel as secretary to the bishop of Fermo. Visited England and Scotland on papal missions. Attached himself to the court of the Emperor Frederick, at Vienna. Effected the compromise of 1447 between Emperor and Pope. Made bishop of Trieste by Nicholas V. Elected to the papacy, 1458. Died at Ancona, 1464, while endeavoring to set in motion a crusade against the Turks. His principal writings are the Commen-

taries, the Epistles, various treatises on the history of Germany and on the geography of Europe.

EXTRACT FROM *De Liberorum Educatione.**

§ 2. As regards a boy's physical training, we must bear in mind that we aim at implanting habits which will prove beneficial during life. So let him cultivate a certain hardness which rejects excess of sleep and idleness in all its forms. Habits of indulgence—such as the luxury of soft beds, or the wearing of silk instead of linen next the skin, tend to enervate both body and mind. Too much importance can hardly be attached to right bearing and gesture. Childish habits of playing with the lips and features should be early controlled. A boy should be taught to hold his head erect, to look straight and fearlessly before him, and to bear himself with dignity, whether walking, standing, or sitting. In ancient Greece we find that both philosophers and men of affairs—Socrates, for instance, and Chrysippus, or Philip of Macedon—deemed this matter worthy of their concern, and therefore it may well be thought deserving of ours. Games and exercises which develop the muscular activities and the general carriage of the person should be encouraged by every teacher. For such physical training not only cultivates grace of attitude, but secures the healthy play of our bodily organs and establishes the constitution.

Every youth destined to exalted position should further be trained in military exercises. It will be your destiny to defend Christendom against the Turk. It will thus be an essential part of your education that you be early taught the use of the bow, of the sling, and of the spear; that you drive, ride, leap and swim. These are honorable accomplishments in every one, and therefore not unworthy of the educator's care. Ponder the picture which Virgil gives of the youth of the Itali, skilled in all the warlike exercises of their time.

* From Woodward: Vittorino da Feltre and other Humanist Educators. Cambridge, 1897. Æneas is here addressing Ladislas, the young king of Bohemia and Hungary, who has sought his advice in the matter of education.

Games, too, should be encouraged for young children—the ball, the hoop—but these must not be rough and coarse, but have in them an element of skill. Such relaxations should form an integral part of each day's occupations, if learning is not to be an object of disgust. Just as nature and the life of man present us with alternations of effort and repose—toil and sleep, winter and summer—so we may hold, with Plato, that it is a law of our being that rest from work is a needful condition of further work. To observe this truth is a chief duty of the master.

In respect of eating and drinking, the rule of moderation consists in rejecting anything which needlessly taxes digestion and so impairs mental activity. At the same time fastidiousness must not be humored. A boy, for instance, whose lot it may be to face life in the camp, or in the forest, should so discipline his appetite that he may eat even beef. The aim of eating is to strengthen the frame; so let vigorous health reject cakes or sweets, elaborate dishes of small birds or eels, which are for the delicate and the weakly. Your own countrymen, like all northern peoples, are, I know, sore offenders in this matter of eating and drinking. But I count upon your own innate self-respect to preserve you from such bad example, and to enable you to despise the sneers and complaints of those around you. What but disease and decay can result from appetite habitually over-indulged? Such concession to the flesh stands condemned by all of the great spirits of the past. In Augustus Caesar, in Socrates, we have instances of entire indifference in choice of food. Caligula, Nero and Vitellius serve as sufficient examples of grossly sensual tastes. To the Greeks of the best age eating and drinking were only means to living, not the chief end and aim of it. For they recognized, with Aristotle, that in this capacity for bodily pleasures we are on the same level with lower creatures.

As regards the use of wine, remember that we drink to quench thirst, and that the limit of moderation is reached when the edge of the intellect is dulled. A boy should be brought up to avoid wine, for he possesses a store of natural

moisture in the blood and so rarely experiences thirst. Hence highly diluted wine alone can be allowed to children, whilst women are, perhaps, better without it altogether, as was the custom in Rome. The abuse of wine is more common amongst northern peoples than in Italy. Plato allowed its moderate enjoyment as tending to mental relaxation, and, indeed, temperance in the true sense is hardly consistent with the absolute prohibition of all that might seduce us from our virtuous resolutions. So that a young man's best security against excess may be found to lie in a cautious use of wine, safeguarded by innate strength of will and a watchful temper. There is no reason why social feastings should not be dignified by serious conversation and yet be bright and gay withal. But the body, after all, is but a framework for the activities of the mind; and so we hold fast to the dictum of Pythagoras, that he that pampers the body is devising a prison for himself. Even if we had not the support of the Ancients, it is evident to the serious mind that food and clothing are worthy of regard only so far as they are indispensable to the vigorous activity of body and spirit; all beyond that is trivialty or effeminacy. But this is not to exclude that care for the outward person which is, indeed, demanded from everyone by self-respect, but is peculiarly needful in a prince.

§ 3. We must now hasten on to the larger and more important division of our subject, that which treats of the most precious of all human endowments, the mind. Birth, wealth, fame, health, vigor and beauty are, indeed, highly prized by mankind, but they are one and all of the nature of accidents; they come and they go. But the riches of the mind are a stable possession, unassailable by fortune, calumny, or time. Our material wealth lies at the mercy of a successful foe, but, as Stilpho said, 'War can exact no requisition from personal worth.' So, too, you will remember the reply of Socrates to Gorgias, applying it to your own case: 'How can I adjudge the Great King happy, until I know to what he can truly lay claim in character and in wisdom?' Lay to heart the truth here conveyed: our one sure possession is character; the

place and fortune of men change, it may be suddenly, profoundly; nor may we, by taking thought, cunningly hedge ourselves round against all the chances of life. As Solon long ago declared, no sane man dare barter excellence for money. Nay, rather, it is a function of true wisdom, as the Tyrants found by their experience, to enable us to bear variations of fortune. Philosophy, or, in other words, the inquiry into the nature of virtue, is indeed a study specially meet for princes. For they are in a sense the arbitary embodiment of law; a responsibility which may well weigh heavily upon them. Truly has it been said that no one has greater need of a well-stored mind than he whose will counts for the happiness or misery of thousands. Like Solomon, he will rightly pray for wisdom in the guidance of the state.

Need I, then, impress upon you the importance of the study of philosophy, and of letters, without which indeed philosophy itself is barely intelligible? By this twofold wisdom a prince is trained to understand the laws of God and of man; by it we are, one and all, enlightened to see the realities of the world around us. Literature is our guide to the true meaning of the past, to a right estimate of the present, to a sound forecast of the future. Where letters cease, darkness covers the land; and a prince who cannot read the lessons of history is a helpless prey of flattery and intrigue.

Next we ask, at what age should a boy begin the study of letters? Theodosius and Eratosthenes regarded the seventh year as the earliest reasonable period. But Aristophanes, followed by Chrysippus and Quintilian, would have children from the very cradle begin their training under nurses of skilled intelligence. In this matter of nurses the greatest care is necessary, so subtle are the influences which affect the growing mind. But above all other safeguards stands the unconscious guidance of the mother, who, like Cornelia of old, must instil by example a refined habit of speech and bearing.

In religion, I may assume from your Christian nurture that you have learnt the Lord's Prayer, the Salutation of the

Blessed Virgin, the Creed, the Gospel of St. John, and certain Collects. You have been taught in what consist the chief Commandments of God, the gifts of the Spirit, the deadly sins; the way of salvation and the doctrine of the life of the world to come. This latter truth was, indeed, taught by Socrates, as we know from Cicero. Nor can any earthly interest have so urgent a claim upon us. We shall not value this human existence which has been bestowed upon us except in so far as it prepares us for the future state. The fuller truth concerning this great doctrine is beyond your years; but you may, as time goes on, refer to what has been laid down by the great doctors of the church; and not only by them, for, as Basil allows, the poets and other authors of antiquity are saturated with the same faith, and for this reason deserve our study. Literature, indeed, is ever holding forth to us the lesson, 'God before all else.' As a prince, moreover, your whole life and character should be marked by gratitude for favors showered upon you for no merit of your own, and by reverence, which, in all that concerns the services, the faith, and the authority of the Church, will lead you to emulate the filial obedience of Constantine and Theodosius. For although the priesthood is committed to the protection of kings, it is not under their authority.

In the choice of companions be careful to seek the society of those only whose example is worthy of your imitation. This is indeed a matter which closely concerns your future welfare. We are all, in youth especially, in danger of yielding to the influence of evil example. Above all, I trust that your tutors will keep you clear of that insidious form of flattery which consists in agreeing with everything we may affirm or propose. Extend your intimacy only to those of your own years who are frank and truthful, pure in word and act, modest in manner, temperate and peaceful. Seize every opportunity of learning to converse in the vulgar tongues spoken in your realm. It is unworthy of a prince to be unable without an interpreter to hold intercourse with his people. Mithridates could speak with his subjects of

whatever province in their own language; whilst neglect of this plain duty lost to the Empire and its German sovereigns its fair province of Italy. The ties that bind monarch and people should be woven of mutual affection, and how is this possible where free and intelligible communication cannot exist? As Homer says, silence is becoming in a woman; but in a man, and that man a King, standing before his people, it is rather a shame and a disgrace.

§ 4. But further: we must learn to express ourselves with distinction, with style and manner worthy of our subject. In a word, eloquence is a prime accomplishment in one immersed in affairs. Ulysses, though a poor warrior, was adjudged worthy of the arms of Achilles by virtue of his persuasive speech. Cicero, too, admonishes us to the same effect: "Let arms to the toga yield." But speech should ever follow upon reflection; without that let a boy, nay, a man also, be assured that silence is his wiser part. Such orators as Pericles or Demosthenes refused to address the Assembly without opportunity for careful preparation. A facile orator speaks from his lips, not from his heart or understanding; and forgets that loquacity is not the same as eloquence. How often have men cause to regret the gift of too ready speech, and 'the irrevocable word' of which Horace warns us. Still there is a middle course; a moderation in speech, which avoids alike a Pythagorean silence and the chatter of a Thersites; and at this we should aim. For without reasonable practice the faculty of public speech may be found altogether wanting when the need arises. The actual delivery of our utterances calls for methodical training. The shrill, tremulous tones of a girl must be rigidly forbidden, as on the other hand must any tendency to shout. The entire word must in every case be uttered, proper value given to each syllable and each letter, with especial attention to the final sound. Words must not, as it were, linger in the throat, but be clearly emitted, both tongue and lips taking duly their respective parts. Your master will arrange as exercises words in which the form or connexion of syllables demands peculiar care in their enun-

ciation. You remember the device by which Demosthenes trained his voice to reach a crowded assembly.

To express yourself, then, with grace and distinction is a proper object of your ambition; and without ambition excellence, in this or other studies, is rarely attained But if speech be, as Democritus said, the shadow of which thought and conduct are the reality, you will be warned by corrupt conversation to avoid the corrupt nature from which it proceeds. We know that Ulysses cunningly guarded his comrades from the song of the Sirens; and that St. Paul quotes Menander upon the mischief wrought by 'evil communications.' But this by no means implies that we must be always at the extreme of seriousness in social intercourse. In conversation kindness and courtesy are always attractive: pertinacity or pretentiousness are odious; a turgid, affected style arouses contempt. Insincerity or malice are, of course, not mere defects in form but positive sins. So let your address be frank, outspoken, self-respecting, manly.

Nature and circumstances thus provide us with the general material of speech, its topics, and the broader conditions of their treatment. When, however, speech is considered as an art, we find that it is the function of Grammar to order its expression; of Dialectic to give it point; of Rhetoric to illustrate it; of Philosophy to perfect it. But before entering upon this in detail we must first insist upon the overwhelming importance of Memory, which is in truth the first condition of capacity for letters. A boy should learn without effort, retain with accuracy, and reproduce easily. Rightly is memory called 'the nursing mother of learning.' It needs cultivation, however, whether a boy be gifted with retentiveness or not. Therefore, let some passage from poet or moralist be committed to memory every day.

BARTOLOMMEO SACCHI, CALLED PLATINA.

Born at Piadena, near Cremona, about 1421. In his youth served four years as a soldier. Later on studied at Mantua and attached himself to Cardinal Francesco Gonzago, who took him to Rome. Became a member of the Academy of Pomponius Laetus, organized for

the discovery and interpretation of Roman antiquities. 1475, placed in charge of the Vatican library by Sixtus IV. Died 1481. His chief literary work is entitled: *In vitas summorum pontificum ad Sixtum IV. pontificem maximum, praeclarum opus.*

NICHOLAS V.*

He was commendable for his Liberality toward all, especially Learned men, whom he advanced with Money, Court-preferments, and Benefices; whom he would sometimes put upon reading, publick Lectures, sometimes upon writing some new thing, and sometimes upon translating *Greek* authors into *Latin*, insomuch that the *Greek* and *Latin* Tongues, which had lain hid for six hundred years, at last regained their splendor to some considerable degree. He also sent those Learned Men all over *Europe* to find out such books as had been lost either by the negligence of Antiquity, or the brutal fury of the barbarous Nations. So that *Poggius* found out *Quintilian*, and *Enoch Asculanus*, *Marcus Coelius Appicius*, as also *Pomponius Porphyrio*, a famous Writer upon Horace. Besides, he erected most stately Buildings in the City, and the *Vatician:* in the city, a noble House for Popes, near *S. Mary* the Greater, and repaired *S. Stephen's* Church, that stands in the *Mount di S. Giovanni*, but built *S. Theodores*, that stands upon the plain between the *Palazzo Maggiore* and the *Campidoglio*, from the ground. He likewise covered the roof of *S. Mary the Round* which stands in the middle of the City, an ancient Temple built by *Agrippa*, with Lead, and in the Vatician he not only beautified the Pope's House after that manner which we see, but he began the Walls of the *Vatican*, very large and high, laying foundations for Towers, and a vast Superstructure, whereby to keep the Enemy from plundering the Pope's House, or *St. Peter's* Church, as formerly was often used. Furthermore, in the

*From the Lives of the Popes, from the time of our Saviour Jesus Christ, to the Reign of Sixtus IV. Written originally in Latin, By Baptista Platina, native of Cremona, and Translated into English * * * * * * by Sir Paul Rycant, Kt. London, Printed for C. Wilkinson, and are to be Sold by A. Churchil at the Black Swan in Ave-Mary lane, 1688.

upper end of *S. Peter's* he began a great Gallery, to make the Church more glorious, and hold more People. He also repaired *Ponte Molle:* and built a fine House at *Viterbo*, near the Baths. Nor only so, but he lent many others money who were a-building in the City; and by his order the Streets were paved. He was very Charitable, especially to Persons of Quality if they happened to be reduced to Poverty; and gave poor Maids a competent Portion when they were married. He always received foreign Embassadors very honorably and freely. He was easily anger'd, to say the truth, being a cholerick Man, but he was easily pleased again; and that gave some ill-natur'd People the occasion to Carp at him, though he deserved extremely well of God and Man. Then he was so far from Covetousness, that he never sold any Place, nor ever was guilty of Simony. He was kind to them, who deserved well of himself and the Church of God, a lover of Justice, the Author and preserver of Peace, merciful to Offenders, a diligent observer of Ceremonies, and would omit nothing belonging to Divine Worship. The Vessels of Gold and Silver, Crosses set with Jewels, Priestly Robes adorn'd with Gold and Pearls, the arras Hangings interwoven with Gold and Silver, and a Papal Crown, are yet to be seen as Monuments of his Munificence. I do not mention the many holy Books that were transcribed by his Order and Embossed with Gold and Silver: but you may see the Pope's Library, which was wonderfully augmented by his care, and at his charge. He was so kind to the Religious that he gave 'em a great deal of money and Ecclesiastical Benefices besides; and canonized S. *Bernardine* of *Siena*, a Frier *Minor*, because by his Preaching, Admonitions, Reproofs, he had almost extinguish'd the Factions of Italy, that is to say, the Guelphs and the Gibelline Faction, and shew'd Christians the way to live well and happily: whose Body is now to be seen, and daily visited with great veneration, at Aquila.

PIUS II.

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Moreover, he so ordered his method of living that he could never be accused of idleness or sloth. He rose as soon as 'twas day for his health sake, and, having said his Prayers very devoutly, went about his worldly affairs. When he had done his morning's work, and walked about the Gardens for his recreation, he went to Dinner; in which he used an indifferent sort of Diet; not curious and dainty. For he seldom bid 'em get him this or that particular Dish, but whatever they set before him, he ate of. He was very abstemious, and when he did drink wine, it was always diluted with Water, and pleasant rather than rough upon the Palate. After meals he either discoursed or disputed half an hour with his Chaplains, and then going into his Bed-Chamber, he took a nap; after which he went to Prayers again, and then wrote or read, as long as his business would permit. The same also he did after Supper; for he both read and dictated till midnight as he lay in his Bed, nor did he sleep above five or six hours. He was a short man, gray-haired before his time, and had a wrinkled face before he was old. In his aspect he bore severity tempered with good-nature, and in his Garb was neither finical, nor negligent, but so contrived it, as to be consistent with the pains which he usually took. He could patiently endure both hunger and thirst, because he was naturally very strong; and yet his long journeys, frequent labour, and Watchings had impair'd him. His usual Diseases were the Cough, the Stone, and Gout, wherewith he was often so tormented, that nobody could say he was alive but by his Voice. And even in his sickness he was very accessible, but sparing of Words; and unwilling to deny any Man's Petition. He laid out all the Money he got together; and did neither love Gold nor contemn it; but would never be by, whilst it was told out, or laid up. He seemed not to cherish the Wits of his Age, because three grevious Wars which he had undertook had so continually exhausted the Pontifical Treasury that he was oftentimes much in Debt; and yet he preferred many learned

men to places both in the Court, and Church. He would willingly hear an Oration, or a Poem, and always submitted his own Writings to the judgment of the Learned. He hated Lyars and Sycophants, was soon angry and soon pleased again. He pardon'd those that reviled, or scoff'd at him, unless they injur'd the See Apostolick; the Dignity whereof he always had such a respect for, as upon that account often to fall out with great Kings and Princes. He was very kind to his Houshold Servants; for those that he found in an errour, through folly or ignorance, he admonished like a Father. He never reproved any one for speaking or thinking ill of him; because in a free city he desired every body should utter their minds. And when one told him, that he had an ill Report, he reply'd; go unto the *Campo di Fiore*, and you'll hear a great many talk against me. If at any time he had a mind to change the Air of Rome for a better, he went especially in the Summer, to *Tivoli*, or his own Country, *Siena*. But he was mightily pleased with the retirement of an Abby in *Siena*, which is very delightful, and cool too by reason of its situation and the shady Groves that are about it. He frequented the baths at *Macerata* and *Petriolana* for his health's sake. He used thin Cloths, and his Expences in Silver look'd more frugal than Prince-like. For his whole delight (when he had leisure) was in writing and reading: because he valued good Books more than precious Stones; for in them he said there was great plenty of Gems. He so far contemn'd a splendid Table, that he went often times to Fountains, Groves, and Country recesses for his own humour, where he entertain'd himself not like a Pope, but an honest humble Rustick. Nor were there wanting some who found fault with this his frequent change of places, especially his Courtiers; because no Pope had ever done so before him, unless in time of War, or of a Plague. But he always slighted their Cavils, and said, that for all his pleasure he never omitted any thing that befitted the dignity of a Pope, or tended to the good of the Court. In all places he Sealed, heard Causes, Censur'd, Answer'd, Asserted and Confuted; to give full satisfaction to all sorts of men. He could not eat

willing alone, and therefore invited either the Cardinal of *Spoleto*, of *Trani*, or of *Pavia*, commonly to Dine or Sup with him. At Supper he used to discourse of Learning, and rubb'd up his old Notions of the Ancients; shewing how commendable each of 'em was in this or that particular.

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When he was a youth indeed and not yet initiated into Divinity, he set out Poems that were rather light, and jocular, than serious and grave: and yet sometimes even in them he was elevated, nor did he want satyrical sharpness amidst his merry Conceits. There are Epigrams of his extant, that are full of Wit, and he is said to have written about three thousand Verses, which were lost most part of 'em at *Basil*. The remainder of his life he wrote Prose onely, his grand affairs rather inclining him to it; but he also loved a mixed stile, more fit for Philosophy. He set forth several Books of Dialogues about the Power of the Council at *Basil*, about the Rise of the *Nile*, of Hunting, of Destiny, of God's Prescience, and of the Heresie in *Bohemia*. He left an imperfect Dialogue which he began against the *Turks* in defence of Christianity. He digested his Epistles into their several occasions and seasons when they were written: and those that he wrote when he was a Layman, a Clergy, a Bishop, or Pope he put into distinct Tomes: wherein he excites Kings, Princes, and others to engage in the War for Religion. There is an Epistle of his extant which he wrote to the Turk, to persuade him from Mahometanism to the Christian Faith. He also wrote a Book about the Life of Courtiers; as likewise a Grammar for *Ladislaus* the young King of *Hungary*. He farthermore composed thirty two Orations, exhorting Kings, Princes, and Commonwealths to Peace, and in defence of Religion, to promote the quiet and Concord of the whole World. He perfected the History of *Bohemia*, but left that of Austria imperfect. And though he was upon a History of all the remarkable actions of his Time, yet he was never able, for his business, to finish it. He wrote twelve Books and began the thirteenth of things done by himself. His Stile was soft and easie, in which he

made several excellent and pertinent Sermons. For he could readily move the Affections with handsom and graceful Expressions. He very aptly describes situations of Places and Rivers, assuming various ways of Eloquence, as the occasion required. He was well acquainted with Antiquity; nor could any Town be mention'd, but be could tell its rise and situation: besides that he would give an account in what Age famous Men flourish'd. He would sometimes take notice of Mimicks for his pleasure: and left many Sayings behind him, of which I thought fit to add some to this account of his Life: to wit: That the Divine Nature was better understood by Believing than by Disputing. That all Sects though confirm'd by humane Authority yet wanted Reason. That the Christian ought to be received upon its own credit, though it had never been back'd with Miracles. That there were three Persons in the Godhead, not proved to be so by Reason, but by considering who said so. That those men who pretended to measure the Heavens and the Earth were rather bold than certain what they did was right. That to find out the motion of the Stars had more pleasure in it, than profit. That God's Friends enjoy'd both this Life and that to come. That without Vertue there was no true Joy. That as a covetous man is never satisfied with Money, so a Learned Man should not be with knowledg; But that he who knew never so much might yet find somewhat to be studied. That common Men should value Learning as Silver, Noblemen as Gold, and Princes as Jewels. That good Physitians did not seek the money but the health of the party diseas'd. That a florid Speech did not move wise men but Fools. That those Laws are Sacred which restrain Licentiousness. That the Laws had Power over the Commonalty, but were feeble to the greater sort. That great Controversies were decided by the Sword and not by the Laws. A Citizen should look upon his Family as subject to the City, the City to his Country, his Country to the World, and the World to God. That the chief place with Kings was slippery. That as all Rivers run into the Sea, so do all Vices into Courts. That Flatterers draw Kings whither they please. That Kings

hearken to none more easily than to Sycophants. That the tongue of a Flatterer was a King's greatest Plague. That a King who would trust nobody was good for nothing, and he that believed everybody was no better. That it is necessary he that governs many should himself be ruled by many. That he deserv'd not the name of a King who measured the Publick by his private advantage. That he who neglected holy Duties did not deserve the Church Revenue, nor a King his Taxes, that did not constant Justice. He said those that went to Law were the Birds; the Court, the Field; the Judg, the Net; and the Lawyers, the Fowlers. That men ought to be presented to Dignities and not Dignities to the Men. That some Men had Offices and did not deserve 'em, whilst others deserv'd 'em and had 'em not. That the burthen of a Pope was heavy, but he was happy who bore it stoutly. That an illiterate Bishop was like an Ass. That ill Physicians kill'd the body and ignorant Priests the Soul. That a wandring Monk was the Devil's Bondslave. That Virtue had enriched the Clergy, but Vice made 'em poor. That there was great reason for the prohibiting of Priests to marry, but greater for allowing it again. That no treasure was preferable to a faithful friend. That Life was like a friend, and Envy like Death. That he cherishes an Enemy who pardons his Son too often. That a covetous Man never pleases any body but by his Death. That Men's faults are conceal'd by Liberality, and discover'd by Avarice. That it was a slavish Vice to tell Lyes. That the Use of Wine had augmented the Cares and the Distempers of Mankind. That a Man ought to take as much Wine as would raise and not overwhelm his Soul. That Lust did sully and stain every age of Man, but quite extinguished old Age. That Gold itself and Jewels could not purchase Content. That it was pleasant to the Good, but terrible to the Bad, to Die. That a noble Death was to be preferr'd before a dishonorable Life in the Opinion of all Philosophers.

VESPASIANO DA BISTICCI.

Born in Florence, 1421. Died 1498. Little is known of Vespasiano's life beyond the fact that he was a book-seller, and in this manner came in contact with the leading humanists and patrons of learning of his time.

*From Life of Nicholas V.—The Papal Library.**

XXIV. At this time came the year of jubilee, and since it was the true jubilee, that is, at the end of a period of fifty years, according to the law of the Church, the concourse of people at Rome was such that no one had ever known a greater. It was a wonderful thing to see the great assemblage of people who came. In Rome and Florence the streets were so crowded that the people seemed like swarms of ants; and at the bridge of Sant' Angelo there was such a crowd of people of all nationalities, that they were jammed together, and unable to move in any direction. So great was the crowd, indeed, that in the struggle between those who came to seek indulgences and those who were already at the place, more than two hundred persons, male and female, lost their lives. When pope Nicholas, who felt much anxiety in regard to these matters, heard of the accident, he was much displeased, took provisions to prevent its recurrence, and caused to be built at the approach to the bridge two small churches in memory of so great a disaster as was this destruction of so many men upon the occasion of the jubilee, and he provided for their burial.

XXV. A great quantity of money came by this means to the Apostolic See, and with this the pope commenced building in many places, and sent for Greek and Latin books, wherever he was able to find them, without regard to price. He gathered together a large band of writers, the best that he could find, and kept them in constant employment. He also summoned a number of learned men, both for the purpose of composing new works, and of translating

*Vite di vomini illustri del Secolo XV. Ed. Adolfo Bartoli. Florence, 1859.

such works as were not already translated, giving them most abundant provision for their needs meanwhile; and when the works were translated and brought to him, he gave them large sums of money, in order that they should do more willingly that which they undertook to do. He made great provision for the needs of learned men. He gathered together great numbers of books upon every subject, both Greek and Latin, to the number of 5000 volumes. So at his death it was found by inventory that never since the time of Ptolemy had half the number of books of every kind been brought together. All books he caused to be copied, without regard to what it cost him, and there were few places where his Holiness had not copiers at work. When he could not find a book, nor secure it in any way, he had it copied. After he had assembled at Rome, as I said above, many learned men at large salaries, he wrote to Florence to Messer Giannozzo Manetti, that he should come to Rome to translate and compose for him. And when Manetti left Florence and came to Rome, the pope, as was his custom, received him with honor, and assigned to him, in addition to his income as secretary, six hundred ducats, urging him to attempt the translation of the books of the Bible and of Aristotle, and to complete the book already commenced by him, *Contra Judeos et gentes;* a wonderful work, if it had been completed, but he carried it only to the tenth book. Moreover, he translated the New Testament, and the Psalter *De hebraica Veritate*, with five apologetical books in defense of this Psalter, showing that in the Holy Scriptures there is not one syllable that does not contain the greatest of mysteries.

XXVI. It was pope Nicholas' intention to found a library in St. Peter's, for the general use of the whole Roman curia, which would have been an admirable thing indeed, if he had been able to carry it out, but death prevented his bringing it to completion. He illumined the Holy Scriptures with innumerable books, which he caused to be translated; and in the same way with the humanities, including certain works upon grammar, of use in learning Latin. The *Ortho-*

graphy of Messer Giovanni Tortelle, who was of his Holiness' household and worked upon the library, a worthy book and useful to grammarians; the *Iliad* of Homer; Strabo's *De situ orbis* he caused to be translated by Guerrino, and gave him 500 florins for each part, that is to say, Asia, Africa and Europe; that was in all 1500 florins. Herodotus and Thucydides he had translated by Lorenzo Valla, and rewarded him liberally for his trouble; Xenophon and Diodorus by Messer Poggio; Polybius by Nicolò Perotto, whom, when he handed it to him, he gave 500 brand new papal ducats in a purse, and said to him, that it was not what he deserved, but that in time he would take care to satisfy him. The work of Philo the Jew, a book of the greatest worth, of which the Latin tongue had as yet no knowledge; Theophrastus *De Plantis*, a most able work; *Problemata Aristoteles*; these two were translated by Theodorus the Greek, a man of great learning and eloquence. The Republic of Plato and his Laws, the *Posteriora*, the Ethics and Physics, *Magna Moralia*, and Metaphysics, the Greater Rhetoric, George of Trebisond. *De Animalibus* of Aristotle, by Theodorus, a most excellent work. Sacred works, the works of Dionysius the Areopagite, an admirable book, translated by Brother Ambrogio. There were before this other translations utterly barbarous. I was told by pope Nicholas that this translation was so good, that one got a better idea from the simple text than from the other texts accompanied with elaborate comments. The wonderful book, *De præparatione evangelica*, of Eusebius Pamphili, a work of great erudition. Many works of St. Basil, of St. Gregory of Nazianzus; Chrysostom on St. Matthew, about eighty homilies, which had been lost for 500 years or more; for twenty-five homilies were translated by Orosius* more than 500 years ago, and the work was much sought for by ancients and moderns; for it is written, that St. Thomas Aquinas, on his way to Paris, when, as he was approaching, the city was pointed out to him, said: "I would rather at this moment have St.

* (?) Oronzio in the original.

John Chrysostom on St. Matthew than Paris." Such a reputation it had! This was translated by George of Trebisond. Cyril on Genesis, and on St. John, excellent works. Many other works translated and composed at the desire of his Holiness, of which I have no knowledge. I have mentioned only those of which I have knowledge.

From Life of Frederick of Urbino.—The Ducal Library.

XXVIII. Coming to the holy doctors, who are in Latin, he wished to have all the works of the four doctors ; and what letters ! what books ! and how excellent ! having no regard for expense. The four doctors having been finished, he then desired all the works of St. Bernard, and all the holy doctors of antiquity; he desired that none should be wanting: Tertullian, Hilary, Remi, Hugh of St. Victor, Isidore, Anselm, Rabanus Maurus, and all the holy doctors of antiquity that have ever written. Coming from the Latins to the sacred writers of the Greeks, which are converted into Latin, he desired in Latin the works of Dionysius the Areopagite, of St. Basil, Cyril, Gregory of Nazianzus, John of Damascus, John Chrysostom, Gregory of Nyssa, Eusebius, all his works, Ephraem the Monk, the most excellent writer Origen. Coming to the Latin doctors, as well in philosophy as in theology, all the works of St. Thomas Aquinas, all the works of Albertus Magnus, all the works of Alexander of Hales, all the works of Scotus, all the works of Bonaventura, the works of Richard of Mediavilla;* all the works of the Archbishop Antoninus, and all the modern doctors who are of authority, he wished to have, down to the Conformities of St. Francis; all the works upon civil law, most beautiful texts ; all the lectures of Bartolo, in kid-skin, and many writers in civil law. The Bible, most excellent book, he had done in two pictured volumes, as rich and fine as might be made, covered with gold brocade, enriched with silver; and he had this done so elegantly, as the the first of all writings. And all the commentaries, those of

* Richard of Bury (?)

the Master of the Sentences, of Nicholas de Lyra, and all the doctors of antiquity who have written commentaries, as well the Latins as the Greeks, and all the glossary of Nicholas de Lyra; this is a book like to which in this age no other has been made. All the writers on astronomy and their commentaries; all the works on geometry with commentaries; all the works on arithmetic; all the works on architecture, all the works *De re militari*, all books treating of the machines of the ancients for conquering a country, and those of the moderns, which was a very remarkable volume. Books of painting, of sculpture, of music, of canon law, and all the texts and lectures and the *Summa* of the bishop of Ostia, and more works in this department. *Speculum innocentiæ.* In medicine all the works of Avicenna, all the works of Hippocrates, of Galen, the *Continente* of Almansor *plus quam commentum*, all the works of Averroes, both on logic and on natural and moral philosophy. A book of all the ancient councils; all the works of Boetius, as well on logic as on philosophy and on music.

XXIX. All the works of the modern writers, commencing with pope Pius. He has all the works of Petrarch, both Latin and vulgar; all the works of Dante, Latin and vulgar; all the works of Boccaccio in Latin; all the works of messer Coluccio; all the works of messer Lionardo d' Arezzo, both original and translations; all the works of Brother Ambrogio, original and translations; all the works of messer Gianozzo Manetti, as well original as translations; all the works of Guerrino, original and translations; all the works of Panormita, as well in verse as in prose; all the works of messer Francisco Filelfo, both in prose and in verse, original and translations; all the works of Perotti, translations and original; all the works of Campano, in prose and in verse; all the original works of Maffeo Vegio; all the works of Nicolò Secondino, translations and original, he who was interpreter for the Greeks and Latins at the council of the Greeks in Florence; all the works of Pontanus, original and translations; all the works of Bartolomeo Fazi, translations and original; all the works of Gasparino;

all the works of Pietro Paulo Vergerio, original and translations; all the works of messer John Argyropolus, translated, that is: the whole of the Philosophy and Logic of Aristotle, as well moral as natural, except the Politics; all the works of messer Francisco Barbaro, translations and original; all the works of messer Lionardo Giustiniano, both original and translations; all the works of Donato Acciaiuoli, original and translations; all the original works of Alamanno Renuccini; all the original works of messer Cristofano da Prato Vecchio; all the works of messer Poggio, both translations and original; all the works of messer Giovanni Tortella, both original and translations; all the translations of messer Francesco d' Arezzo, who lived at the court of King Ferrando; all the works of Lorenzo Valla, translations and original.

XXX. Having acquired all the books of every department which were to be found, written both by ancient and modern doctors, and translations as well in every branch, he desired to have all the Greek books that were to be found; all the works of Aristotle in Greek; all the works of Plato, each volume bound in the finest kid-skin; all the works of Homer in one volume, the Iliad, the Odyssey and the *Batracomiomachia;* all the works of Sophocles; all the works of Pindar; all the works of Menander; and as well all the poets that were to be found in the Greek tongue; all the Lives of Plutarch, in one most excellent volume; the Cosmography of Ptolemy, with illustrations, in Greek, a most excellent book; all the moral works of Plutarch, a most worthy book; all the works of Herodotus, of Pausanias, of Thucydides, of Polybius; all the works of Demosthenes and of Aeschines; Plotinus the philosopher, all his works; all the commentaries that are found among the Greeks, as for example the commentaries upon Aristotle; all the works of Theophrastus, the *Physica de plantis;* all the Greek lexicographers, the Greek with the Latin explanation; all the works of Hippocrates and of Galen; all the works of Xenophon; part of the Bible in Greek; all the works of St. Basil; all the works of St. John Chrysostom;

all the works of St. Athanasius, of St. John of Damascus; all the works of St. Gregory of Nazianzus, of Gregory of Nyssa, of Origen, of Dionysius the Areopagite, of John Climacus, of St. Ephraem the Monk, of Aeneas the Sophist; the Collations of John Cassianus, the Book of Paradise, *Vitae sanctorum patrum ex Aegypto;* the Lives of Barlaam and Josaphat; a Psalter in three tongues, a wonderful thing, in Hebrew, Greek and Latin, verse for verse, a most excellent book; all the books on geometry, on arithmetic, and on astronomy that are found in any language. There are numerous Greek books, by various authors, which when he was not able to get them otherwise, he sent for them, desiring that nothing should be wanting in any tongue which it was possible to acquire. There were to be seen Hebrew books, all that could be found in that language, beginning with the Bible, and all those who have commented upon it, rabbi Moses, and other commentators. Not only are these Hebrew books the Holy Scriptures, but also on medicine, on philosophy and in all branches, all that could be acquired in that tongue.

XXXI. His Lordship having completed this worthy task at the great expense of more than 30,000 ducats, among the other excellent and praiseworthy arrangements which he made was this, that he undertook to give to each writer a title, and this he desired should be covered with crimson embellished with silver. He began, as has been noted above, with the Bible, as the foremost of all, and had it covered, as was said, with gold brocade. Then beginning with all the doctors of the Church, he had each one covered with crimson and embellished with silver; and so with the Greek doctors as well as with the Latins. As well philosophy, history and books on medicine and all the modern doctors; in such a manner that there are innumerable volumes of this kind, a thing gorgeous to behold. In this library all the books are beautiful in the highest degree, all written with the pen, not one printed, that it might not be disgraced thereby; all elegantly illuminated, and there is not one that is not written on kid-skin. There is a singular thing about

this library, which is not true of any other; and this is, that of all the writers, sacred as well as profane, original works as well as translations, not a single page is wanting from their works, in so far as they are in themselves complete; which cannot be said of any other library, all of which have portions of the works of a writer, but not all; and it is a great distinction to possess such perfection. Some time before I went to Ferrara, being at Urbino at his Lordship's court, and having catalogues of all the libraries of Italy, commencing with that of the pope, of St. Mark at Florence, of Pavia,—and I had even sent to England to obtain a catalogue of the library of the university of Oxford,—I compared these with that of the duke, and I saw that all were faulty in one particular; that they had numerous copies of the same work, but they had not all the works of one writer complete as this had; nor were there writers of every branch as in this.

From the Life of Cosimo de' Medici.—Founding a Library.

XII. When he had finished the residence and a good part of the church, he fell to thinking how he should have the place peopled with honest men of letters; and in this way it occurred to him to found a fine library; and one day when I happened to be present in his chamber, he said to me: "In what way would you furnish this library?" I replied that as for buying the books it would be impossible, for they were not to be had. Then he said: "How is it possible then to furnish it?" I told him that it would be necessary to have the books copied. He asked in reply if I would be willing to undertake the task. I answered him, that I was willing. He told me to commence my work and he would leave everything to me; and as for the money that would be necessary he would refer the matter to Don Archangel, then prior of the monastery, who would draw bills upon the bank, which should be paid. The library was commenced at once, for it was his pleasure that it should be done with the utmost possible celerity; and as I did not lack for money I collected in a short time forty-five writers, and finished 200 volumes in twenty-two months; in

which work we made use of an excellent arrangement, that of the library of pope Nicholas, which he had given to Cosimo, in the form of a catalogue made out with his own hands.

XIII. Coming to the arrangement of the library, in the first place there is the Bible and the Concordance, with all their commentaries, as well ancient as modern. And the first writer who commenced to comment on the Holy Scriptures, and who indicated the manner of commenting to all the others, was Origen; he wrote in Greek, and St. Jerome translated a part of his works, on the five books of Moses. These are the works of St. Ignatius the martyr, who wrote in Greek, and was a disciple of St. John the Evangelist; most fervent in his Christian zeal, he wrote and preached and for this won the crown of martyrdom. There are the works of St. Basil, bishop of Cappadocia, a Greek; of St. Gregory of Nazianzus, of Gregory of Nyssa, his brother, of St. John Chrysostom, of St. Athanasius of Alexandria, of St. Ephraem the Monk, of John Climacus, also a Greek; all the works of the Greek doctors that are translated into Latin are there. Then follow the holy doctors and holy writers in Latin, beginning with the works of Lactantius, who was very ancient and had praiseworthy qualifications; Hilary of Poitou, a most solemn doctor; St. Cyprian of Carthage, most elegant and saintly; the works of Tertullian, the learned Carthaginian. Then follow the four doctors of the Latin church, and all their works are here; and there is no other library that has these works complete. Then begin the works of St. Jerome; all the works of St. Gregory, the moral doctor; all the works of St. Bernard the Abbot, of Hugh of St. Victor, of St. Anselm, of St. Isidore, bishop of Seville, of Bede, of Rabanus Maurus. Coming then to the modern doctors, of St. Thomas Aquinas, of Albert Magnus, of Alexander of Hales, of St. Bonaventura; the works of the Archbishop Antonino of Florence, that is, his *Summa.*

XIV. Coming to the philosophers, all the works of Aristotle, both his moral and natural Philosophy; all the com-

mentaries of St. Thomas and Albertus Magnus on the philosophy of Aristotle, and still other commentators upon the same; his Logic and other modern systems of Logic. In canon law, the *Decretum*, the Decretals, *Liber Sextus*, the Clementines, the *Summa* of the bishop of Ostia; Innocentius; Lectures of the bishop of Ostia on the Decretals; Giovanni Andrea, on *Liber Sextus*, and an anonymous lecture on the *Decretum*, and still other works on canon law by the abbott of Cicilia and others. Of histories, all the Ten of Livy; Caesar's Commentaries; Suetonius Tranquillus, The Lives of the Emperors; Plutarch's Lives; Quintus Curtius, the Deeds of Alexander the Great; Sallust, *De bello Jugurthino et Catilinario;* Valerius Maximus, The Memorable Deeds and Sayings of the Ancients; Emilius Probus, Great Leaders of Foreign Peoples; a history by Ser Zembino, who commenced at the beginning of the world, and came down to pope Celestine, a work of great information; the Ecclesiastical History of Eusebius Pamphili, and *De temporibus;* the *Historiale* of Vincenzo; all the works of Tully in three volumes; all the works of Seneca in one volume; Quintilian, *De institutione oratoria*, and the Declamations; *Vocabulista;* Nonius Marcellus; Pompeius Festus; the *Elegantiae* of Valla; Papias; Uguccione; Catholicon. Poets: Virgil, Terence, Ovid, Lucan, Statius, the tragedies of Seneca, Plautus. Of grammarians, Priscian. And all the other works necessary to a library, of which no one was wanting; and since there were not copies of all these works in Florence, we sent to Milan, to Bologna and to other places, wherever they might be found. Cosimo lived to see the library wholly completed, and the cataloguing and the arranging of the books; in all of which he took great pleasure, and the work went forward, as was his custom, with great promptness.

LORENZO DE' MEDICI.

Born at Florence, 1449. Studied under the guidance of Ficino and other literati of the Medicæan court. Assumed chief political power at age of twenty-one, upon the occasion of the death of his father, Piero, and ruled until his death in 1492. Obtained from Pope Innocent VIII. that his son Giovanni (afterwards Leo X., b. 1475–d. 1521) was made Cardinal at the age of fourteen. Participated actively in the literary labors of the distinguished group of men, whose protector and support he was. His most important productions were in verse.

*Lorenzo de' Medici to Giovanni de' Medici, Cardinal.**

You, and all of us who are interested in your welfare, ought to esteem ourselves highly favored by Providence, not only for the many honours and benefits bestowed upon our house, but more particularly for having conferred upon us, in your person, the greatest dignity we have ever enjoyed. This favor, in itself so important, is rendered still more so by the circumstances with which it is accompanied, and especially by the consideration of your youth and of our situation in the world. The first that I would therefore suggest to you is that you ought to be grateful to God, and continually to recollect that it is not through your merits, your prudence, or your solicitude, that this event has taken place, but through his favour, which you can only repay by a pious, chaste and exemplary life; and that your obligations to the performance of these duties are so much the greater, as in your early years you have given some reasonable expectations that your riper age may produce such fruits. It would indeed be highly disgraceful, and as contrary to your duty as to my hopes, if, at a time when others display a greater share of reason and adopt a better mode of life, you should forget the precepts of your youth, and forsake the path in which you have hitherto trodden. Endeavor therefore to alleviate the burthen of your early dignity by the regularity of your life and by your perseverance in those studies which are suitable to your profession. It gave me great satisfaction to learn, that, in the course of the past

* From Roscoe's Life of Lorenzo de' Medici.

year, you had frequently, of your own accord, gone to communion and confession ; nor do I conceive that there is any better way of obtaining the favor of heaven than by habituating yourself to a performance of these and similar duties. This appears to me to be the most suitable and useful advice which, in the first instance, I can possibly give you.

I well know, that as you are now to reside at Rome, that sink of all iniquity, the difficulty of conducting yourself by these admonitions will be increased. The influence of example is itself prevalent; but you will probably meet with those who will particularly endeavor to corrupt and incite you to vice; because, as you may yourself perceive, your early attainment to so great a dignity is not observed without envy, and those who could not prevent your receiving that honour will secretly endeavor to diminish it, by inducing you to forfeit the good estimation of the public; thereby precipitating you into that gulf into which they had themselves fallen; in which attempt, the consideration of your youth will give them a confidence of success. To these difficulties you ought to oppose yourself with the greater firmness, as there is at present less virtue amongst your brethren of the college. I acknowledge indeed that several of them are good and learned men, whose lives are exemplary, and whom I would recommend to you as patterns of your conduct. By emulating them you will be so much the more known and esteemed, in proportion as your age and the peculiarity of your situation will distinguish you from your colleagues. Avoid, however, as you would Scylla or Charybdis, the imputation of hypocrisy; guard against all ostentation, either in your conduct or your discourse; affect not austerity, nor even appear too serious. This advice, you will, I hope, in time understand and practice better than I can express it.

Yet you are not unacquainted with the great importance of the character which you have to sustain, for you well know that all the Christian world would prosper if the cardinals were what they ought to be; because in such a case there would always be a good pope, upon which the tran-

quility of Christendom so materially depends. Endeavor then to render yourself such, that if all the rest resembled you, we might expect this universal blessing. To give you particular directions as to your behaviour and conversation would be a matter of no small difficulty. I shall therefore only recommend, that in your intercourse with the cardinals and other men of rank, your language be unassuming and respectful, guiding yourself, however, by your own reason, and not submitting to be impelled by the passions of others, who, actuated by improper motives, may pervert the use of their reasons. Let it satisfy your conscience that your conversation is without intentional offence; and if, through impetuosity of temper, any one should be offended, as his enmity is without just cause, so it will not be very lasting. On this your first visit to Rome, it will however be more advisable for you to listen to others than to speak much yourself.

You are now devoted to God and the church: on which account you ought to aim at being a good ecclesiastic, and to shew that you prefer the honor and state of the church and of the apostolic see to every other consideration. Nor, while you keep this in view, will it be difficult for you to favour your family and your native place. On the contrary, you should be the link to bind this city closer to the church, and our family with the city; and although it be impossible to foresee what accidents may happen, yet I doubt not but this may be done with equal advantage to all; observing, however, that you are always to prefer the interests of the church.

You are not only the youngest cardinal in the college, but the youngest person that ever was raised to that rank; and you ought therefore to be the most vigilant and unassuming, not giving others occasion to wait for you, either in the chapel, the consistory or upon deputations. You will soon get a sufficient insight into the manners of your brethren. With those of less respectable character converse not with too much intimacy; not merely on account of the circumstance in itself, but for the sake of public opinion. Converse on general topics with all. On public occasions let your equipage and address be rather below than above med-

iocrity. A handsome house and a well-ordered family will be preferable to a great retinue and a splendid residence. Endeavor to live with regularity, and gradually to bring your expenses within those bounds which in a new establishment cannot perhaps be expected. Silk and jewels are not suitable for persons in your station. Your taste will be better shewn in the acquisition of a few elegant remains of antiquity, or in the collecting of handsome books, and by your attendants being learned and well-bred rather than numerous. Invite others to your house oftener than you receive invitations. Practise neither too frequently. Let your own food be plain, and take sufficient exercise, for those who wear your habit are soon liable, without great caution, to contract infirmities. The station of a cardinal is not less secure than elevated; on which account those who arrive at it too frequently become negligent; conceiving their object is attained and that they can preserve it with little trouble. This idea is often injurious to the life and character of those who entertain it. Be attentive therefore to your conduct, and confide in others too little rather than too much. There is one rule which I would recommend to your attention in preference to all others. Rise early in the morning. This will not only contribute to your health, but will enable you to arrange and expedite the business of the day; and as there are various duties incident to your station, such as the performance of divine service, studying, giving audience, and so forth, you will find the observance of this admonition productive of the greatest utility. Another very necessary precaution, particularly on your entrance into public life, is to deliberate every evening on what you may have to perform the following day, that you may not be unprepared for whatever may happen. With respect to your speaking in the consistory, it will be most becoming for you at present to refer the matters in debate to the judgment of his holiness, alleging as a reason your own youth and inexperience. You will probably be desired to intercede for the favours of the pope on particular occasions. Be cautious, however, that you trouble him not too often; for his temper leads him to be

most liberal to those who weary him least with their solicitations. This you must observe, lest you should give him offence, remembering also at times to converse with him on more agreeable topics; and if you should be obliged to request some kindness from him, let it be done with that modesty and humility which are so pleasing to his disposition. Farewell.

NICOLÒ MACHIAVELLI.

Born at Florence, 1469. Entered at the age of twenty-nine into the service of the Signory. Was prominent in the affairs of the republic, after the banishment of the Medici, until their return in 1512. Driven from Florence, he retired to his patrimony near San Casciano, and devoted himself to literary work. Resumed his official career under Clement VII. Died, 1527. His greater works are the Prince, the History of Florence, the Discourses on Livy and a treatise on the Art of War.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PRINCE.*

Chapter XVIII. How far a Prince is obliged by his Promise.

How honorable it is for a prince to keep his word, and act rather with integrity than collusion, I suppose everybody understands: nevertheless experience has shown in our times that those princes who have not pinned themselves up to that punctuality and preciseness have done great things, and by their cunning and subtilty not only circumvented, and darted the brains of those with whom they had to deal, but have overcome and been too hard for those who have been so superstitiously exact. For further explanation you must understand there are two ways of contending, by law and by force: the first is proper to men; the second to beasts; but because many times the first is insufficient, recourse must be had to the second. It belongs, therefore, to a prince to understand both, when to make use of the rational and when of the brutal way; and this is recommended to princes, though abstrusely, by ancient writers,

*Morley's edition in the Universal Library, in which the reading of the folio of 1674 has been reproduced.

who tell them how Achilles and several other princes were committed to the education of Chiron the Centaur, who was to keep them under his discipline, choosing them a master, half man and half beast, for no other reason but to show how necessary it is for a prince to be acquainted with both, for that one without the other will be of little duration. Seeing, therefore, it is of such importance to a prince to take upon him the nature and disposition of a beast, of all the whole flock he ought to imitate the lion and the fox; for the lion is in danger of toils and snares, and the fox of the wolf; so that he must be a fox to find out the snares, and a lion to fright away the wolves, but they who keep wholly to the lion have no true notion of themselves. A prince, therefore, who is wise and prudent, cannot or ought not to keep his parole, when the keeping of it is to his prejudice, and the causes for which he promised removed. Were men all good this doctrine was not to be taught, but because they are wicked and not likely to be punctual with you, you are not obliged to any such strictness with them ; nor was there ever any prince that wanted lawful pretence to justify his breach of promise. I might instance in many modern examples, and show how many confederations, and peaces, and promises have been broken by the infidelity of princes, and how he that best personated the fox had the better success. Nevertheless, it is of great consequence to disguise your inclination, and to play the hypocrite well; and men are so simple in their temper and so submissive to their present necessities, that he that is neat and cleanly in his collusions shall never want people to practice them upon. I cannot forbear one example which is still fresh in our memory. Alexander VI. never did, nor thought of, anything but cheating, and never wanted matter to work upon ; and though no man promised a thing with greater asseveration, nor confirmed it with more oaths and imprecations, and observed them less, yet understanding the world well he never miscarried.

A prince, therefore, is not obliged to have all the forementioned good qualities in reality, but it is necessary to

have them in appearance: nay, I will be bold to affirm that, having them actually, and employing them upon all occasions, they are extremely prejudicial, whereas, having them only in appearance, they turn to better account; it is honorable to seem mild, and merciful, and courteous, and religious, and sincere, and indeed to be so, provided your mind be so rectified and prepared that you can act quite contrary upon occasion. And this must be premised, that a prince, especially if come but lately to the throne, cannot observe all those things exactly which make men be esteemed virtuous, being often necessitated, for the preservation of his State, to do things inhuman, uncharitable, and irreligious; and, therefore, it is convenient his mind be at his command, and flexible to all the puffs and variations of fortune; not forbearing to be good whilst it is in his choice, but knowing how to be evil when there is a necessity. A prince, then, is to have particular care that nothing falls from his mouth but what is full of the five qualities aforesaid, and that to see and to hear him he appears all goodness, integrity, humanity, and religion, which last he ought to pretend to more than ordinarily, because more men do judge by the eye than by the touch; for everybody sees, but few understand; everybody sees how you appear, but few know what in reality you are, and those few dare not oppose the opinion of the multitude, who have the majesty of their prince to defend them; and in the actions of all men, especially princes, where no man has power to judge, every one looks to the end. Let a prince, therefore, do what he can to preserve his life and continue his supremacy, the means which he uses shall be thought honorable, and be commended by everybody; because the people are always taken with the appearance and event of things, and the greatest part of the world consists of the people; those few who are wise taking place when the multitude has nothing else to rely upon. There is a prince at this time in being (but his name I shall conceal) who has nothing in his mouth but fidelity and peace; and yet had he exercised either the one or the other, they had robbed him before this of both his power and reputation.

Chapter XXVI. An Exhortation to Deliver Italy from the Barbarians.

Having weighed, therefore, all that is said before, and considered seriously with myself whether in this juncture of affairs in Italy the times were disposed for the advancement of a new prince, and whether there was competent matter that could give occasion to a virtuous and wise person to introduce such a form as would bring reputation to him and benefit to all his subjects, it seems to me that at this present so many things concur to the exaltation of a new prince that I do not know any time that has been more proper than this; and if, as I said before, for the manifestation of the courage of Moses it was necessary that the Israelites should be captives in Egypt; for discovery of the magnimimity of Cyrus, that the Persians should be oppressed by the Medes; and for the illustration of the excellence of Theseus that the Athenians should be banished and dispersed; so to evince and demonstrate the courage of an Italian spirit it was necessary that Italy should be reduced to its present condition; that it should be in greater bondage than the Jews, in greater servitude than the Persians, and in greater dispersion than the Athenians; without head, without order, harassed, spoiled, overcome, overrun, and overflown with all kinds of calamity; and though formerly some sparks of virtue have appeared in some persons that might give it hopes that God had ordained them for its redemption, yet it was found afterwards that in the very height and career of their exploits they were checked and forsaken by fortune, and poor Italy left half dead, expecting who would be her Samaritan to bind up her wounds, put an end to the sackings and devastations in Lombardy, the taxes and expilations in the kingdom of Naples and Tuscany, and cure her sores which length of time had festered and imposthumated. It is manifest how she prays to God daily to send some person who may redeem her from the cruelty and insolence of the barbarians. It is manifest how prone and ready she is to follow the banner that any man will take up; nor is it at present to be dis-

cerned where she can repose her hopes with more probability than in your illustrious family,* which by its own courage and interest and the favor of God and the Church (of which it is now chief), may be induced to make itself head in her redemption; which will be no hard matter to be effected if you lay before you the lives and actions of the persons above named; who though they were rare and wonderful were yet but men, and not accommodated with so fair circumstances as you. Their enterprise was not more just nor easy, nor God Almighty more their friend than yours. You have justice on your side; for that war is just which is necessary, and it is piety to fight where no hope is left in anything else. The people are universally disposed, and where the disposition is so great the opposition can be but small, especially you taking your rules from those persons which I have proposed to you for a model.

Besides, many things that they did were supernatural, and by God's immediate conduct the sea opened, a cloud directed, a rock afforded water, it rained manna; all these things are recompensed in your grandeur, and the rest remains to be executed by you. God will not do everything immediately, because He will not deprive us of our free will and the honour that devolves upon us. Nor is it any wonder if none of the aforenamed Italians have been able to do that which may be hoped for from your illustrious family; and if in so many revolutions in Italy, and so long continuation of war, their military virtue seems spent and extinguished, the reason is, their old discipline was not good, and nobody was able to direct a better. Nothing makes so much to the honour of a new prince as new laws and new orders invented by him, which, if they be well founded, and carry anything of grandeur along with them, do render him venerable and wonderful; and Italy is susceptible enough of any new form. Their courage is great enough in the soldier if it be not wanting in the officer; witness the duels and combats, in which the Italians have

* "The Prince" was addressed to Lorenzo, son of Piero de' Medici.

generally the better by their force and dexterity and stratagem; but come to their battles, and they have often the worse, and all from the inexperience of their commanders; for those who pretend to have skill will never obey, and every one thinks he has skill, there having been nobody to this very day raised by his virtue and fortune to that height of reputation as to prevail with others to obey him. Hence it came that, in so long time, in the many wars during the last twenty years, whenever an army consisted wholly of Italians it was certain to be beaten; and this may be testified by Tarus, Alexandria, Capua, Genoa, Vaila, Bologna, and Mestri. If therefore, your illustrious family be inclined to follow the examples of those excellent persons who redeemed their countries, it is necessary, as a true fundamental of all great enterprises, to provide yourselves with forces of your own subjects, for you cannot have more faithful nor better soldiers than they. And though all of them be good, yet altogether they will be much better when they find themselves not only commanded, but preferred and caressed by a prince of their own. It is necessary, therefore, to be furnished with these forces before you can be able with Italian virtue to vindicate your country from the oppression of strangers. And though the Swiss and Spanish infantry be counted terrible, they have both of them their defects; and a third sort may be composed that may not only encounter but be confident to beat them; for the Spanish foot cannot deal with horse, and the Swiss are not invincible when they meet with foot as obstinate as themselves. It has been seen by experience, and would be so again, the Spaniards cannot sustain the fury of the French cavalry, and the Swiss have been overthrown by the infantry of Spain. And though of this last we have seen no perfect experiment, yet we had a competent essay at the battle of Ravenna, where the Spanish foot being engaged with the German battalions (which observe the same order and discipline as the Swiss), the Spaniards, by the agility of their bodies and the protection of their bucklers, broke in under their pikes and killed them securely, while the poor Ger-

mans were incapable to defend themselves; and had not the Spaniards been charged by the horse, the German foot had been certainly cut off. It is possible, therefore, the defect of both those foot being known, to institute a third which may buckle with the horse and be in no fear of their foot; which will be effected not by the variation of their arms, but by changing their discipline. And these are some of those things which, being newly reformed, give great grandeur and reputation to any new prince. This opportunity, therefore, is by no means to be slipped, that Italy, after so long expectation, may see some hopes of deliverance. Nor can it be expressed with what joy, with what impatience of revenge, with what fidelity, with what compassion, with what tears such a champion would be received into all the provinces that have suffered by those barbarous inundations. What gates would be shut against him? What people would deny him obedience? What malice would oppose him? What true Italian would refuse to follow him? There is not anybody but abhors and nauseates this barbarous domination. Let your illustrious family, then, address itself to the work with as much courage and confidence as just enterprises are undertaken; that under their ensigns our country may be recovered, and under their conduct Petrarch's prophecy may be fulfilled, who promised that—

Virtù contra furore
Prenderà l'arme, e fia'l combatter corto:
Che l'antico valore
Negl'Italici cor non è ancor morto.

Virtue shall arm 'gainst rage, and in short fight
Prove the *Roman* valour 's not extinguished quite.

BALDASSARE CASTIGLIONE.

Born at Casatico, near Mantua, 1478, and educated at Milan. Was one of the most distinguished diplomats of his time, taking service first under Ludovico Sforza, duke of Milan, later with the dukes of Urbino, and in 1524 was sent to Spain, to arrange a dispute between Clement VII. and Charles V. His mission was unsuccessful; but he remained in Spain, was made bishop of Avila, and died at Toledo in 1529.

EXTRACTS FROM THE COURTIER.*

Letters Not Beneath the Notice of a Courtier.

But besides goodnesse the true and principall ornament of the minde in every man (I believe) are letters, although ye Frenchmen know onely the nobleness of armes, and passe for nothing beside: so that they not only doe not set by letters, but they rather abhorre them, and all learned men they doe count very rascalles, and they think it a great villany when any one of them is called a clarke.

Then answered the Lord Magnifico, you say very true, this error in deed hath longe raigned among the Frenchmen, But if Monseigneur de Angoulesme have so good luck that he may (as men hope) succeede in the Crowne, the glory of arms in France doth not so florish nor is had in such estimation, as letters will be, I believe.

For it is not long sins I was in France, and saw this Prince in the Court there, who seemed unto mee beside the handsomnesse of person and bewtie of visage, to have in his countenance so great a maiestie, accompanied nevertheless with a certaine lovely courtesie, that the realme of France shoulde ever seeme unto him a small matter.

I understood afterwarde by many gentlemen both French and Italian, very much of the most noble conditions, of the greatness of courage, prowesse and liberalitie that was in him: and among other things, it was tolde me, that hee

* The Courtier of Count Baldesar Castilio, devided into foure Bookes, verie necessarie and profitable for young Gentlemen and Gentle women abiding in Court, Pallace or Place, done into English by Thomas Hobby, London, Printed by John Wolfe, 1588.

highly loved and esteemed letters, and had in very great reputation all learned men, and blamed the Frenchmen themselves that their mindes were so far wide from this profession, especially having at their doores so noble an universitie as Paris is, where all the world resorteth.

Then spake the Count: It is great wonder that in these tender yeares, onely by the provocation of nature, contrarie to the manner of the countrie, he hath given him self to so good a way. And because subiectes follow alwaies the conditions of the higher powers, it is possible that it may come to passe (as you say) that ye Frenchmen will yet esteeme letters to be of that dignitie that they are in deede. The which (if they will give eare thereto) they may soone bee perswaded.

Forsomuch as men ought to covet of nature nothing so much, and nothing is more proper for them, than knowledge: which thing it were a great folly to say or to holde opinion that it is not alwaies good.

And in case I might commune with them, or with other that were of a contrary opinion to me, I would doe my diligence to shew them, how much letters (which undoubtedlye have beene granted of God unto men for a soveraigne gift) are profitable and necessarie for our life and estimation. Neither should I want the examples of so many excellent captaines of old time, which all ioyned the ornament of letters with prowesse of armes.

For (as you know) Alexander had Homer in such reverence, that he laide his Ilias alwaies under his beds heade: and he applied diligently not these studies onely, but also the Speculations of Philosophy under the discipline of Aristotle.

Alcibiades increased his good conditions and made them greater with letters, and with the instructions of Socrates.

Also what diligence Cesar used in studies, those thinges which he had so divinelye writen him selfe, make triall.

It is saide that Scipio Affricanus carried alwaies in his hand the bookes of Xenophon, wherein under the name of Cyrus he instructeth a perfect King.

I coulde recite unto you Lucullus, Sylla, Pompeius, Brutus, and many other Romanes and Grecians, but I woulde doe no more but make mention of Hannibal, which being so excellent a Captaine (yet for all that of a fierce nature and voide of all humanity, an untrue dealer, and a despiser of men and of the Gods) had also understanding in letters, and the knowledge of the greeke tongue.

And if I be not deceived (I trow) I have redde in my time, that he left a booke behinde him of his own making in the Greeke tongue. But this kinde of talke is more than needeth: for I knowe all you understand how much the Frenchmen be deceived in holding opinion letters to doe any hurt to armes.

You know in great matters and adventures in wars the true provocation is glory: and who so for lucres sake or for any other consideration taketh it in hande (beside that hee never doth any thing worthie prayse) deserveth not the name of a gentleman, but is a most vile marchant.

And every man may conceive it to be true glory, that is stored up in the holy treasure of letters, except such unluckie creatures as have no taste thereof.

What minde is so fainte, so bashfull, and of so base a courage, that in reading the actes and greatnes of Cesar, Alexander, Scipio, Annibal, and so many other, is not incensed with a most fervent longing to be like them: and doth not preferre the getting of that perpetuall fame, before the rotten life that lasteth two days? Which in despite of death maketh him live a great deale more famous than before.

But he that savoureth not the sweetness of letters, can not know how much is the greatness of glory, which is a long while preserved by them, and onely measureth it with the age of one or two men, for further be beareth not in minde. Therefore can he not esteeme this short glory so much as he would doe that, which (in a manner) is everlasting, if by his ill happe hee were not barred from the knowledge of it. And not passing upon it so much, reason perswadeth, and a man may well believe hee will never hazard himselfe so much to come by it, as hee that knoweth it.

I woulde not now some one of the contrarie parte should

alledge unto mee the contrarie effects to confute mine opinion with all: and tell mee how the Italians with their knowledge of letters have shewed small prowesse in armes from a certaine time hetherto, the which nevertheless is too true: but in very deed a man may well say that the offence of a few, hath brought (beside the great damage) an everlasting reproach unto all other, and the verie cause of our confusion, and of the neglecting of Vertue in our mindes (if it bee not cleane deade) proceeded of them. But it were a more shamefull matter unto us to publish it, than unto the Frenchmen the ignorance in letters.

Therefore it is better to passe that over with silence that cannot bee rehearsed without Sorrow, and leaving this purpose into the which I am entred against my wil, returne againe unto our Courtier, whom in letters I will have to be more than indifferently well seene, at the least in those studies, which they call Humanitie and to have not onely the understanding of the Latin tongue, but also of the greek, because of the many and sundrie things that with great excellencie are written in it.

Let him much exercise him selfe in Poets, and no lesse in Oratours and Historiographers, and also in writing both rime and prose, and especially in this our vulgar tongue. For beside the contentation that hee shall receive thereby him selfe, hee shall by this meanes never want pleasant intertainements with women which ordinarily love such matters.

And if by reason either of his other businesses besides, or of his slender studie hee shall not attaine unto that perfection that his writings may bee worthy much commendation, let him bee circumspect in keeping them close, least he make other men to laugh at him. Onely hee may shew them to a friende whom he may trust.

For at least wise hee shall receive so much profit, that by that exercise hee shall be able to give his iudgement upon other men's doings. For it happeneth very seldome, that a man not exercised in writing, how learned soever he be, can at any time know perfectly the labour and toile of writers, or tast of the sweetnesse and excellencey of styles,

and those inner observations that often times are founde in them of olde time.

And besides that, those studies shal make him copious, and (as Anstippus answered a Tirant) bold to speake upon a good ground with every man.

Notwithstanding I will have our Courtier to keepe fast in his minde one lesson, and that is this, to bee alwaies warie both in this and in everie other point, and rather fearefull than bolde, and beware that hee perswade not himself falsly, to know the thing hee knoweth not in deede.

Because we are of nature all the sort of us much more greedy of praise than is requisite, and better do our eares love the melodie of wordes sounding to our praise, than any other song or sound that is most sweete. And therefore many times like the voyces of marmaidens, they are the cause of drowning of him that doth not well stoppe his eares at such deceitful harmony.

This danger being perceived, there hath beene among the auncient wise men that have writen bookes, how a man should knowe a true friend from a flatterer. But what availeth it? If there bee many of them (or rather infinite) that manifestly perceive they are flattered, and yet love him that flattereth them, and hate him that telleth them the troth.

And oftentimes (standing in opinion that he that prayseth them is too scarce in his wordes) they them selves helpe him forwarde, and utter such matters of themselves, that the most impudent flatterer of all is ashamed of.

Let us leave these blinde buzzards in their owne errour, and make our Courtier of so good a iudgement, that he will not bee given to understand blacke for white, nor presume more of himselfe than what he knoweth very manifestly to be true, and especially in those thinges, which (if yee beare well in minde) the Lorde Cesar rehearsed in his devise of pastimes, that we have many times used for an instrument to make many become foolish. But rather that he may be assured not to fall into any error, where he knoweth those prayses that are given him to be true, let him not so openly

consent to them, nor confirme them so without resistance, but rather with modestie (in a manner) deny them cleane, shewing alwaies and counting in effect, armes to bee his principall profession, and all the other good qualities for an ornament thereof.

And principally among Souldiers, least hee bee like unto them that in learning will seeme men of warre, and among men of warre, learned.

The Perfect Courtier.

But to come to some particularitie, I iudge the principall and true profession of a Courtier ought to bee in feates of armes, the which above all I will have him to practise lively, and to bee knowne among other of his hardines, for his atchieving of enterprises, and for his fidelitie towarde him whom he serveth. And he shall purchase himselfe a name with these good conditions, in doing the deedes in every time and place, for it is not for him to fainte at any time in this behalfe without a wondrous reproach.

And even as in women honestie once stained doth never returne againe to the former estate: so the fame of a gentleman that carrieth weapon, if it once take a soyle in anye litle point through dastardlinesse or any other reproach, doth evermore continue shamefull in the world and full of ignorance.

Therefore the more excellent our Courtier shall be in this arte, the more shall he be worthie praise: albeit I judge not necessarie in him so perfect a knowledge of things and other qualities that is requisite in a Captaine. But because this is overlarge a scope of matters, we wil holde our selves contented, as wee have saide, with the uprightnesse of a well meaning mind, and with an invincible courage, and that he alwaies shew himself such a one.

For many times men of courage are sooner knowne in small matters than in great. Often times in dangers that stand them upon, and where many eyes be, ye shall see some that for all their hart is dead in their bodie, yet pricked with shame or with the company, goe forwarde, as it were, blind-

field and doe their duetie. And God knoweth both in matters that little touch them, and also where they suppose that without missing they may convey them selves from danger, how they are willing inough to sleepe in a whole skinne.

But such as think themselves neither marked, seene, nor knowne, and yet declare a stoute courage, and suffer not the least thing in the world to passe that may burthen them, they have that courage of spirite which we seeke to have in our Courtier. Yet will wee not have him for all that so lustie to make braverie in wordes, and to bragge that he hath wedded his harnes for a wife, and to threaten with such grimme lookes, as we have seen Berto do often times.

For unto such may wee be said, that a worthie gentle woman in a noble assemblie spake pleasantly unto one, that shall bee namelesse for this time, whom she to shew him a good countenance, desired to daunce with her, and hee refusing it, and to heare musicke, and many other entertainments offered him, alwaies affirming such trifles not to be his profession, at last the gentle woman demanding him, what is then your profession? he answered with a frowning look, to fight.

Then saide the gentle woman: seeing you are not now at the warre nor in place to fight, I would think it best for you to bee well besmered and set up in an armory with other implements of warre till time were that you should be occupied, least you ware more rustier than you are. Thus with much laughing of the standers by, she left him with a mocke in his foolish presumption.

The ende therefore of a perfect Courtier (whereof hetherto nothing hath beene spoken) I believe is to purchase him, by the meane of the qualities which these Lordes have given him, in such wise the good will and favour of the Prince he is in service withall, that he may breake his minde to him, and alwaies enforme him franckly of the truth of every matter meete for him to understand, without feare or perill to displease him. And when hee knoweth his minde is bent to commit any thing unseemely for him, to be bold to stand

with him in it, and to take courage after an honest sorte at the favor which he hath gotten him through his good qualities, to diswade him from every ill purpose, and to set him in the way of vertue. And so shall the Courtier, if he have the goodnesse in him that these Lordes have given him accompanied with readinesse of wit, pleasantnesse, wisedom, knowledge in letters, and so many other thinges, understand how to behave himself readily in all occurrents to drive into his Prince's heade what honour and profit shall ensue to him and to his by iustice, liberallitie, valiantness of courage, meekeness, and by the other vertues that belong to a good prince, and contrariwise what slander and damage commeth of the vices contrarie to them.

And therefore in mine opinion, as musicke, sportes, pastimes, and other pleasant fashions, are (as a man would say) the floure of courtlinesse, even so is the training and helping forwarde of the Prince to goodnesse, and the fearing him from evil, the fruite of it.

And because the prayses of well doing consisteth chiefly in two pointes, whereof the one is, in choosing out an end that our purpose is directed unto, that is good in deede, the other, the knowledge to finde out apt and meete meanes to bring it to the appointed good ende: sure it is that the minde of him which thinketh to worke so, that his Prince shall not bee deceived, nor lead with flatterers, railers, and lyers, but shall know both the good and the bad, and beare love to the one, and hatred to the other, is directed to a verie good end.

Me thinke againe, that the qualities which these Lords have given the Courtier, may bee a good means to compasse it; and that, because among many vices that we see now a dayes in many of our Princes, the greatest are ignorance and selfe liking.

And the roote of these two mischiefes is nothing els but lying, which vice is worthely abhorred of God and man, and more hurtfull to Princes than any other, because they have more scarsitie than of any thing els, of that which they neede to have more plentie of, than of any thing; namely,

of such as should tell them the truth, and put them in mind of goodnesse: for enimies be not driven of love to doe these offices, but they delight rather to have them live wickedly and never to amend: on the other side, they dare not rebuke them openly for feare they be punished.

Music.

Then saide the Lord Gasper Pallavicin. There are many sortes of musike, as well in the brest as upon instruments, therefore would I gladly learne which is the best, and at what time the Courtier ought to practise it.

Me thinke then answered Sir Fredericke, prick-song is a faire musicke, so it be done upon the booke surely and after a good sorte. But to sing to the lute is much better, because all the sweetnes consisteth in one alone, and a man is much more heedfull and understandeth better the feat, manner and the aire of veyne of it, when the eares are not busied in hearing any moe than one voice: and beside every little error is soone perceived, which happeneth not in singing with company, for one beareth out the other.

But singing to the lute with the dittie (me thinke) is more pleasant than the rest, for it addeth to the wordes such a grace and strength, that it is a great wonder.

Also all Instrumentes with Freats are full of harmony, because the tunes of them are very perfect, and with ease a man may doe many thinges upon them that fill the mind with sweetnesse of musicke.

And the musicke with a sette of Violes doth no lesse delite a man: for it is very sweet and artificiall.

A mans brest giveth a great ornament and grace to all these instruments, in the which I will have it sufficient that our Courtier have an understanding. Yet, the more cunninger he is upon them, the better it is for him, without medling much with the instruments that Minerva and Alcibiades refused, because it seemeth they are noysome.

Now as touching the time and season when these sortes of musicke are to bee practised: I believe at all times when a man is in familiar and loving company, having nothing

else adoe. But especially they are meete to be practised in the presence of women, because those sights sweeten the mindes of the hearers, and make them the more apt to bee pierced with the pleasantnesse of musicke, and also they quicken the spirits of the very doers.

I am well pleased (as I have saide) they flee the multitude, and especially the unnoble.

But the seasoning of the whole must be discretion, because in effect it were a matter impossible to imagine all cases that fall. And if the Courtier bee a righteous iudge of him selfe, hee shall apply him selfe well inough to the time, and shall discerne when the hearers minds are disposed to give eare and when they are not. He shall know his age, for (to say the truth) it were no meete matter, but an ill sight to see a man of any estimation being old, horeheaded and toothlesse, full of wrinkles, with a lute in his armes playing upon it, and singing in the middest of a company of women, although he coulde doe it reasonably well. And that because such songes containe in them wordes of love, and in olde men love is a thing to be iested at: although otherwhile he seemeth among other miracles of his to take delite in spite of yeares to set a fire frosen heartes.

Then answered the Lord Julian: doe you not barre poore olde men from this pleasure (Sir Fredericke) for in my time I have knowne men of yeares have very perfect brestes and most nimble fingers for instruments, much more than some yong men.

I goe not about (quoth Sir Fredericke) to barre old men from this pleasure, but I wil barre you and these Ladies from laughing at that follie.

And in case olde men will sing to the lute, let them do it secretly, and onely to rid their minds of those troublesome cares and grievous disquieting that our life is full of: and to taste of that excellencie which I believe Pythagoras and Socrates savoured in musicke.

And set case they exercise it not at all: for they have gotten a certaine habite and custome of it, they shall savour it much better in hearing, than he that hath no

knowledge in it: For like as the armes of a Smith that is weake in other things, because they are more exercised, bee stronger than an other bodies that is sturdie, but not exercised to worke with his arms: even so the armes that be exercised in musicke, doe much better and sooner discerne it, and with much more pleasure iudge of it, than other, how good and quicke soever they be that have not beene practised in ye variety of pleasant musicke: because those musical tunes pearce not, but without leaving any tast of themselves passe by ye eares not accustomed to here them, although the verie wilde beastes feele some delite in melodie.

This is therefore the pleasure meete for olde men to take in musicke.

The selfe same I say of daunsing, for in deede these exercises ought to be left off before age constraineth us to leave them whether we will or no.

It is better then, answered here M. Morello, halfe chafed, to except all old men, and to say that onely yong men are to be called Courtiers.

Then laughed Sir Fredericke and saide: Note (maister Morello) whether such as delite in these matters, if they bee not yong men, doe not strive to appear young, and therefore dye their haire and make their bearde grow twice a weeke, and this proceedeth upon that nature saith to them in secrete, that these matters are not comely but for yong men.

All these Ladies laughed, because they knewe these wordes touched maister Morello, and he seemed somwhat out of patience at the matter.

MATTEO BANDELLO.

Born at Castelnuova, near Tortona, circa 1480. Entered the church and resided at Mantua, as tutor in the family of Gonzaga. The battle of Pavia caused him to leave Lombardy, and he made his way to France. Made bishop of Agen in 1550, where he resided for some years before his death in 1562. The Novels are his chief literary work.

*Bandello to the Reverend Doctor in Theology Fra Cristoforo Bandello, Administrator of the Order of the Minor Brethren in the Province of Genoa.**

If Pope Leo X. had, whenas first Martin Luther began to spread abroad the pestilent venom of his heresies, lent a favorable ear to the Master of the Sacred Palace, it had been an easy matter to quench those nascent flames, which have since waxed to such a height that, except God put hand thereto, they are more like to increase than abate. And certes meknoweth not what spirit was this of Luther's, which so many admire, as if he were a profound dialectitian, an ingenious philosopher and a profound theologian, he having in all his various idle devisings adduced no single plausible argument of his own invention, but having only tricked out anew the false opinions condemned and reproved by so many Councils-general and ultimately by that of Constance. The following he hath cometh from no otherwhat than that he and his followers open the way to a licentious and wanton way of living. In truth, he is to be blamed and there should be no audience given to his fables, which are all void of true foundation. Algates, I cannot deny that the lewd life of many churchmen is a cause of scandal to unstable minds, but it behoveth us not therefor to fall away from the faith of our forefathers. Moreover, those indiscreet and ignorant friars (whom we wot of) should, when they are in the pulpit, take good heed lest they say ought to the people which may give rise to scandal and not (whereas they ought to incite their hearers to devoutness) provoke them to indecent laugh-

* The novels of Matteo Bandello, Bishop of Agen; now first done into English prose and verse by John Payne. London, 1890: printed for the Villon Society.

ter, the which nowadays bringeth the things of the faith into little esteem. I am not presently concerned to speak of the follies which idiots oftentimes say in the pulpit, but will speak of those who follow indiscreetly after certain fables which bring preachments into derision, as it befel Fra Bernardino da Peltro in Pavia, according to that which I heard one day told of Fra Filippo da San Columbano, a minor Brother of the Franciscan Order, who, being in company of certain gentlemen at their place of the Garden in Milan, related the thing for their diversion, as it happened in the days when he was a student of the law at Pavia, and for that it is a thing to be noted, I have chosen to send and give it to you, so that, we being of one blood, you may eke be a sharer in my novels. Fare you well.

THE SIXTH STORY.

Fra Bernardino da Peltro, seeking to set St. Francis over all the other saints, is confounded by a student.

You must know, sirs, that when I was a student and abode at Pavia to learn the civil law, Fra Bernardino da Peltro, a man of exceeding consideration in our order, preached a whole year long in the Cathedral Church of Pavia to as great a concourse as was ever seen in that city. He had preached the foregone year at Brescia, where he had let publicly burn in the market-place the false tresses which the women wore on their heads, to enhance their native beauty, and other like womanish vanities. Moreover, he let burn all such copies of Martial's Epigrams as were in the city, and did many other things worthy of memory. Now, being in the pulpit at Pavia on the feast day of our Seraphic Father St. Francis, he entered, in the presence of a great concourse of people, upon discourse of the many virtues of that saint, and having descanted thereon at large and recounted store of miracles by him wroughten in his life and after his death, he bestowed on him all those praises, excellences and dignities which behoved unto the sanctity of so glorious a father, and having, by most effectual arguments, authorities and examples, proved that he was full of all the

Christian graces and was altogether serafic and afire with charity, he kindled into an exceeding fervor and said, "What seat now shall we assign thee in heaven, holiest father mine? Where shall we set thee, O vessel full of every grace? What place shall we find apt unto such sanctity?" Then, beginning with the virgins, he ascended to the confessors, the martyrs, the apostles, to Saint John Baptist and other prophets and patriarchs, still avouching that St. Francis merited a more honored place than they; after which, raising his voice, he went on to say, "O saint most truly glorious, thou, whom thy most godly gifts and singular merits and the conformity of thy life unto Christ exalt and uplift over all the other saints, what place shall we find sorting with such excellence! Tell me, my brethren, where shall we set him? Tell me, you, gentlemen students, who are of exalted understanding, where shall we place this most holy saint?" Whereupon Messer Paolo Taegio, then a student of laws and nowadays a very famous doctor in Milan, who was seated on a stool over against the pulpit, being weary of the friar's useless and indiscreet babble and belike misdoubting him he meant to put St. Francis above or at least on a level with the Holy Trinity, rose to his feet and uplifting his settle with both hands, said so loudly that he was heard of all the people, "Father mine, for God's sake, give yourself no more pains to seek a seat for St. Francis; here is my settle; put him thereon and so he may sit down, for I am off." And so, departing he gave occasion unto all to arise also and depart the church; therefore it behoved the Feltrine come down from the pulpit, without finding a place for his saint, and return, all crestfallen, to San Giacomo. And indeed that which a man saith in the pulpit should be well considered, lest indiscreet preachments bring the word of God into derision.

Bandello to the right illustrions and valiant Signor Livio Liviani, Captain of Light Horse.

Albeit we are here in Chierasco in daily expectation of the Emperor's army, numerous in Italian, German and Spanish

footmen, who threaten to send us all underground, there is not withal the least sign of fear to be seen in these our soldiers; nay, meseemeth they await the siege with an inexpressible allegresse, as they were to have double or treble pay, over and above their due wage. I hear from every quarter that all are prepared to give the enemy such an account of their valour and to make such approof of themselves that I cannot believe but we shall abide with the honour of the emprise; more by token that my patron, Signor Cesare Fregoso, although previously sick of a violent fever, leaveth nothing undone that may be to our profit and the enemy's hurt. Moreover, your coming voluntarily to shut yourself up here, on your way to the court of the Most Christian King, giveth me good augury and maketh me hope from good to better, and so our Lord God grant that it ensue! Now, betaking myself, three days agone, to the bastion over against the San Francisco gate, I found there many good fellows in discourse of the various usances of men of various nations concerning drinking, and among them were many different opinions; but, it having been debated amain of the matter, Ludovico da Sanseverino, who was in command of the bastion, a discreet youth and doughty of his person, recounted a pleasant anecdote to the purpose; which pleasing me, I wrote it down and send and give it unto you, seeing how much appreciation you still show of my compositions. Fare you well.

THE THIRTEENTH STORY.

A quaint and merry saying of a German anent drinking at a public festival holden at Naples.

We do but cudgel our brains in vain, comrades mine, an we think to say determinately that such a nation drinketh more than such another, for that of every nation I have seen very great drinkers and have found many Germans and Frenchmen who love water more than wine. True, it seemeth there are some nations who love wine more than others; but in effect all are mighty fain to drink. I warrant me, indeed, I have known Italians so greedy and such

drinkers that they would not yield to whatsoever famous winebibber amongst the Albanians or the Germans. And what would you say if I should name to you a Lombard, whom I have seen toast it with Germans at a German Cardinal's table and overcome them all, and eke carry off the Bacchic palm amongst the Albanians? The French drink often and will have good and costly wines, but water them well and drink little at a time. The Albanians and Germans will have the beaker full, and would fain be wine-bibbing from morning to night. Nay, the Spaniard, who at home drinketh water, an he drink at another's expense, will hold the basin to any one's beard. However, in general, methinketh the Germans of every sort and condition, whether nobles or commons, gentle or simple, love better than any other nation to play at drinking and publicly fuddle themselves at noblemen's tables, so that needs must one after another be carried home drunken and senseless; nor is this accounted a shame among them. And to this purpose, remembering me of a goodly saying of a German, I will tell you a pleasant anecdote.

After Francesco Sforza, first of that name, Duke of Milan, to maintain peace in Italy, made the famous league and union of all the Italian powers, in the time of Pope Pius the Second, he married Ippolita his daughter to Alfonso of Arragon, firstborn son of King Ferdinand the Old of Naples, where the nuptials were solemnized with all pomp and splendor, as behoved unto two such princes. All the princes of Italy sent ambassadors to honor the nuptials, and Duke Francesco appointed the bride an escort of the most worshipful feudatories and gentlemen of Lombardy. Now, among many other festivities, carrousels and sports which were holden, there was ordained a solemn and most magnificent tournament, which befell one day of exceeding great heat, for it was then in June. The jousters appeared all arrayed in the richest of accoutrements, with quaint and well-ordered devices, according to each one's humor, and mounted on fiery and spirited horses. All ran and many lances were broken, to the honor of the jousters and the no small pleas-

ure of the spectators. The jousts ended, there was naught heard but praises of these and those and sayings such as, "Such a lord hath broken so many lances," "Such a baron hath made so many strokes," "Such a knight hath done so and so, and such another so and so." But behold, what time silence was made, to proclaim who had the honours of the tournament, a German in one of the galleries, without waiting for the victory to be declared, fell to crying out and saying, as loudliest he might, "For my part, accursed be that sport and accursed be all the festivals and carrousels whereat folk drink not!" You need not ask if there was matter for laughter, more by token that he fell to crying "Wine! wine! wine!" wherefore I know not if there was ever a word spoken among such a multitude whereat it was laughed so much as it was for a pretty while at this speech of the German's.

THE ONE-AND-FORTIETH STORY.

King Louis XI. rewardeth a scullion for a witty speech very aptly made by him.

Louis, Eleventh of the name, King of France, was, according to that which the annals of France relate, sore travailed and harassed what while he lived; for that not only had he war with the Britons, with the Flemings, with the Burgundians and eke with the English who had held possession of France little less than three hundred years, but was, to boot, at daggers drawn with well nigh all the barons of France and with his own brother. And in truth it may be said that he had no greater enemies than those of his own blood, who well-nigh all applied themselves to his destruction and did him all the ill that was possible to them, so that he found strangers better friends than his kinsfolk; insomuch as, he having made over Savona and his claims to the dominion of Genoa to Francesco Sforza, first of that name, Duke of Milan, the said Duke Francesco, grateful for the favors received from the king, and understanding him to be in danger of losing his crown through the revolt of the most part of the barons and princes of the blood-royal of France,

dispatched his first-born son Galeazzo Sforza to his succour with a good army, under the governance of Count Casparo Vimercato, his captain-general, by means whereof he defeated his enemies and abode in peace king of all the realm. He had ever been a headstrong man and one who rarely fell in with others' counsel; and in particular he so fell out with King Charles VII., his father, that he fled from him and retired into Dauphiny, where he abode awhile in his father's disgrace, to the insupportable oppression of the people of the province; then he took refuge with Philip, Duke of Burgundy, his kinsman, who received him kindly and used him as a brother, studying amain to make peace between him and his father, who required no otherwhat of his son than that he should humble himself and crave his pardon. But Louis was always so stubborn that his heart never suffered him to ask pardon of his old father and to humble himself to him; wherefore matters went on such wise that he abode more than ten years without seeing the latter, and King Charles died, what while his son was yet in Burgundy with Duke Philip.

His father dead, the Dauphin betook himself to France, where he was, according to the ordinance of that kingdom, made king and was, as I have already told you, sore travailed; more by token that in the beginning of his reign he showed himself much harsher than behoved, being morose, misdoubtful and solitary, and eschewing the converse of his princes and barons. The chase being in France a very noble exercise, held in great esteem and practised by all the great, he, when he became king, forbade all manner of hunting, both of beasts and birds, under pain of death against whoso went a-hunting or a-fowling without his leave and license. Morever, he delighted to have about him men of mean condition and base blood, giving such liberty unto Olivier le Daim his barber, as would have beseemed unto the first prince of the blood royal; nay, by the latter's counsel and that of others his peers, he dealt cruelly with those of his own blood and put divers princes to death, who, had the king entreated them according to their degree,

would maybe have eschewed the errors which they committed. Now Louis living, not as a king, but very privately and commonly wearing very mean clothes, with a hat all stuck with cockle-shells and two-penny images of the saints, it chanced one day that, being left with very little company at home, he went down by night to the kitchen, where his victual was in cooking, and saw there a lad with better presence and favor than sorted with the meanness of his occupation, for that he was in act to turn a spit with a roast of wether mutton. The boy's air and aspect pleased the king, and he said to him, "Tell me, boy, who art thou, and whence thou comest, who is thy father, and what thou gainest by the day at this thy trade?"

The lad, who was newly come into the house, having been taken by the king's cook to turnspit, and knew no one of the court, seeing him who accosted him in the kitchen clad in russet homespun and with that hat on his head stuck with cockles, took him for some pilgrim coming from Saint James of Galicia and answered him, saying, "I am a poor lad called Etienne," here he told his native place and the name of his father, "who serve the king in the mean office you see; and yet I gain as much as he." "How," rejoined Louis, "thou gainest as much as the king? What gainest thou? And the king, too, what gaineth he?" "The king," replied the turnspit, "gaineth that which he eateth, drinketh and weareth; and by my faith, I shall get as much of him, even as he hath it from our Lord God Almighty; and when the day of death cometh, though he is a very rich king, and I a very poor lad, he will carry no more with him than I." This pithy speech much pleased the king and made Etienne's fortune, for that Louis made him his groom of the chamber and did him great good; and he grew in such favor with Louis that, if the latter, who was choleric and hasty, gave him bytimes some cuff or other he fell a-weeping, the king, who could not brook to see him weep, let him give now a thousand and now two thousand crowns, so he should be comforted, and still hold him dear.

BENVENUTO CELLINI.

Born at Florence, 1500. At the age of fifteen apprenticed to a goldsmith; aided the pontifical forces in the attack on Rome by the Constable de Bourbon in 1527; produced works of art in Rome, Florence and Paris. Besides medals, and vessels of gold and silver, his most distinguished work is the Perseus, placed in front of the old Ducal Palace in Florence. Wrote treatises on the goldsmith's art, on sculpture, and on design; but the most important of his writings is the Autobiography. Died at Florence in 1569.

*Certain of his Exploits at the Sack of Rome, 1527.**

XXXVII. I pursued my business of artilleryman, and every day performed some extraordinary feat, whereby the credit and the favour I acquired with the Pope was something indescribable. There never passed a day but what I killed one or another of our enemies in the besieging army. On one occasion the Pope was walking round the circular keep, when he observed a Spanish Colonel in the Prati; he recognized the man by certain indications, seeing that this officer had formerly been in his service; and while he fixed his eyes on him, he kept talking about him. I, above by the Angel, knew nothing of all this, but spied a fellow down there, busying himself about the trenches with a javelin in his hand; he was dressed entirely in rose-color; and so, studying the worst that I could do against him, I selected a gerfalcon which I had at hand; it is a piece of ordnance larger and longer than a swivel, and about the size of a demi-culverin. This I emptied, and loaded it again with a good charge of fine powder mixed with the coarser sort; then I aimed it exactly at the man in red, elevating prodigiously, because a piece of that calibre could hardly be expected to carry true at such a distance. I fired, and hit my man exactly in the middle. He had trussed his sword in front, for swagger, after a way those Spaniards have; and my ball, when it struck him, broke upon the blade, and one could see the fellow cut in two fair halves. The Pope, who was expecting nothing of this

*From Symonds' translation of the Life of Benvenuto Cellini.

kind, derived great pleasure and amazement from the sight, both because it seemed to him impossible that one should aim and hit the mark at such a distance, and also because the man was cut in two, and he could not comprehend how this should happen. He sent for me, and asked about it. I explained all the devices I had used in firing; but told him that why the man was cut in halves, neither he nor I could know.

Upon my bended knees I then besought him to give me the pardon of his blessing for that homicide; and for all the others I had committed in the castle in the service of the Church. Thereat the Pope, raising his hand, and making a large open sign of the cross upon my face, told me that he blessed me, and that he gave me pardon for all murders I had ever perpetrated, or should ever perpetrate, in the service of the Apostolic Church. When I left him, I went aloft, and never stayed from firing to the utmost of my power; and few were the shots of mine that missed their mark. My drawing, and my fine studies in my craft, and my charming art of music, all were swallowed up in the din of that artillery; and if I were to relate in detail all the splendid things I did in that infernal work of cruelty, I should make the world stand by and wonder. But, not to be too prolix, I will pass them over. Only I must tell a few of the most remarkable: which are, as it were, forced in upon me.

To begin then: pondering day and night what I could render for my own part in defence of Holy Church, and having noticed that the enemy changed guard and marched past through the great gate of Santo Spirito, which was within a reasonable range, I thereupon directed my attention to that spot; but, having to shoot sideways, I could not do the damage that I wished, although I killed a fair percentage every day. This induced our adversaries, when they saw their passage covered by my guns, to load the roof of a certain house one night with thirty gabions, which obstructed the view I formerly enjoyed. Taking better thought than I had done of the whole situation, I now turned all my five pieces

directly on the gabions, and waited till the evening hour, when they changed guard. Our enemies, thinking they were safe, came on at greater ease and in a closer body than usual; whereupon I set fire to my blow-pipes. Not merely did I dash to pieces the gabions which stood in my way; but, what was better, by that one blast I slaughtered more than thirty men. In consequence of this manoeuvre, which I repeated twice, the soldiers were thrown into such disorder, that being, moreover, encumbered with the spoils of that great sack, and some of them desirous of enjoying the fruits of their labour, they oftentimes showed a mind to mutiny and take themselves away from Rome. However, after coming to terms with their valiant captain, Gian di Urbino, they were ultimately compelled, at their excessive inconvenience, to take another road when they changed guard. It cost them three miles of march, whereas before they had but a half mile. Having achieved this feat, I was entreated with prodigious favours by all the men of quality who were invested in the castle. This incident was so important that I thought it well to relate it, before finishing the history of things outside my art, the which is the real object of my writing; forsooth, if I wanted to ornament my biography with such matters, I should have far too much to tell.

Fixing the Value of the Perseus.

XCV. Next day I presented myself, and, after a few words of conversation, the Duke addressed me cheerfully: "To-morrow, without fail, I mean to dispatch your business; set your mind at rest, then." I, who felt sure that he meant what he said, waited with great impatience for the morrow. When the longed-for day arrived, I betook me to the palace; and as it always happens that evil tidings travel faster than good news, Messer Giacopo Guidi, secretary to his Excellency, called me with his wry mouth and haughty voice; drawing himself up as stiff as a poker, he began to speak to this effect: "The Duke says he wants you to tell him how much you ask for your Perseus." I remained dumfounded and astounded; yet I quickly replied that it was not my cus-

tom to put prices on my work, and that this was not what his Excellency had promised me two days ago. The man raised his voice, and ordered me expressly in the Duke's name, under penalty of his severe displeasure, to say how much I wanted. Now I had hoped not only to gain some handsome reward, trusting to the mighty signs of kindness shown me by the Duke, but I had still more expected to secure the entire good graces of his Excellency, seeing I never asked for anything, but only for his favour. Accordingly, this wholly unexpected way of dealing with me put me in a fury, and I was especially enraged by the manner which that venomous toad assumed in discharging his commission. I exclaimed that if the Duke gave me ten thousand crowns I should not be paid enough, and that if I had ever thought things would come to this haggling, I should not have settled in his service. Thereupon the surly fellow began to abuse me, and I gave it him back again.

Upon the following day, when I paid my respects to the Duke, he beckoned to me. I approached, and he exclaimed in anger: "Cities and great palaces are built with ten thousands of ducats." I rejoined: "Your Excellency can find multitudes of men who are able to build your cities and palaces, but you will not, perhaps, find one man in the world who could make a second Perseus." Then I took my leave without saying or doing anything farther. A few days afterwards the Duchess sent for me, and advised me to put my difference with the Duke into her hands, since she thought she could conduct the business to my satisfaction. On hearing these kindly words, I replied that I had never asked any other recompense for my labours than the good graces of the Duke, and that his most illustrious Excellency had assured me of this; it was not needful that I should place in their Excellencies' hands what I had always frankly left to them from the first days when I undertook their service. I farther added that if his most illustrious Excellency gave me but a *crazia*, which is worth five farthings, for my work, I should consider myself contented, provided only that his Excellency did not deprive me of his favour. At these

words the Duchess smiled a little and said: "Benvenuto, you would do well to act as I advise you." Then she turned her back and left me. I thought it was my best policy to speak with the humility I have above described; yet it turned out that I had done the worst for myself, because, albeit she had harboured some angry feelings toward me, she had in her a certain way of dealing which was generous.

XCVI. About that time I was very intimate with Girolamo degli Albizzi, commissary of the Duke's militia. One day this friend said to me: "O Benvenuto, it would not be a bad thing to put your little difference of opinion with the Duke to rights; and I assure you that if you repose confidence in me, I feel myself the man to settle matters. I know what I am saying. The Duke is really getting angry, and you will come badly out of the affair. Let this suffice; I am not at liberty to say all I know." Now, subsequently to that conversation with the Duchess, I had been told by some one, possibly a rogue, that he had heard how the Duke said upon some occasion which offered itself: "For less than two farthings I will throw Perseus to the dogs, and so our differences will be ended."

This, then, made me anxious, and induced me to intrust Girolamo degli Albizzi with the negotiations, telling him anything would satisfy me provided I retained the good graces of the Duke. That honest fellow was excellent in all his dealings with soldiers, especially with the militia, who are for the most part rustics; but he had no taste for statuary, and therefore could not understand its conditions. Consequently, when he spoke to the Duke, he began thus: "Prince, Benvenuto has placed himself in my hands, and has begged me to recommend him to your excellency." The Duke replied: "I too am willing to refer myself to you, and shall be satisfied with your decision." Thereupon Girolamo composed a letter, with much skill and greatly to my honour, fixing the sum which the Duke would have to pay me at 3500 golden crowns; and this should not be taken as my proper recompense for such a masterpiece, but

only as a kind of gratuity ; enough to say that I was satisfied ; with many other phrases of like tenor, all of which implied the price which I have mentioned.

The Duke signed this agreement as gladly as I took it sadly. When the Duchess heard, she said : "It would have been better for that poor man if he had placed himself in my hands ; I could have got him five thousand crowns in gold." One day when I went to the palace, she repeated these same words to me in the presence of Messer Alamanno Salviati, and laughed at me a little, saying that I deserved my bad luck.

The Duke gave orders that I should be paid a hundred golden crowns in gold per month, until the sum was discharged ; and thus it ran for some months. Afterwards, Messer Antonio de'Nobili, who had to transact the business, began to give me fifty, and sometimes later on he gave me twenty-five, and sometimes nothing. Accordingly, when I saw that the settlement was being thus deferred, I spoke good-humoredly to Messer Antonio, and begged him to explain why he did not complete my payments. He answered in a like tone of politeness ; yet it struck me that he exposed his own mind too much. Let the reader judge. He began by saying that the sole reason why he could not go forward regularly with these payments, was the scarcity of money at the palace ; but he promised, when cash came in, to discharge arrears. Then he added : "Oh heavens ! if I did not pay you, I should be an utter rogue." I was somewhat surprised to hear him speak in that way ; yet I resolved to hope that he would pay me when he had the power to do so. But when I observed that things went quite the contrary way, and saw that I was being pillaged, I lost temper with the man, and recalled to his memory hotly and in anger what he had declared he would be if he did not pay me. However, he died ; and five hundred crowns are still owing me at the present date, which is nigh upon the end of 1566. There was also a balance due upon my salary, which I thought would be forgotten, since three years had elapsed without payment. But it so happened that the Duke fell

ill of a serious malady. Finding that the remedies of his physicians availed nothing, it is probable that he betook himself to God, and therefore decreed the discharge of all debts to his servants. I too was paid on this occasion, yet I never obtained what still stood out upon my Perseus.

XCVII. I had almost determined to say nothing more about that unlucky Perseus; but a most remarkable incident, which I do not like to omit, obliges me to do so; wherefore I must now turn back a bit, to gather up the thread of my narration. I thought I was acting for the best when I told the Duchess that I could not compromise affairs which were no longer in my hands, seeing I had informed the Duke that I should gladly accept whatever he chose to give me. I said this in the hope of gaining favor; and with this manifestation of submissiveness I employed every likely means of pacifying his resentment; for I ought to add that a few days before he came to terms with Albizzi, the Duke had shown he was excessively displeased with me. The reason was as follows: I complained of some abominable acts of injustice done to me by Messer Alfonso Quistelli, Messer Jacopo Polverino of the Exchequer, and more than all by Ser Giovanbattista Brandini of Volterra. When, therefore, I set forth my cause with some vehemence, the Duke flew into the greatest rage conceivable. Being thus in anger, he exclaimed: "This is just the same as with your Perseus, when you asked those ten thousand crowns. You let yourself be blinded by mere cupidity. Therefore I shall have the statue valued, and shall give you what the experts think it worth." To these words I replied with too much daring and a touch of indignation, which is always out of place in dealing with great princes: "How is it possible that my work should be valued at its proper worth, when there is not a man in Florence capable of performing it?" That increased his irritation; he uttered many furious phrases, and among them said: "There is in Florence at this day a man well able to make such a statue, and who is therefore highly capable of judging it." He meant Bandinello, Cavaliere of

S. Jacopo. Then I rejoined: "My lord, your most illustrious Excellency gave me the means of producing an important and very difficult master-piece in the midst of this the noblest school of the world; and my work has been received with warmer praises than any other heretofore exposed before the gaze of our incomparable masters. My chief pride is the commendation of those able men who both understand and practise the arts of design—as in particular Bronzino, the painter; this man set himself to work, and composed four sonnets couched in the choicest style, and full of honor to myself. Perhaps it was his example which moved the whole city to such a tumult of enthusiasm. I freely admit that if sculpture were his business instead of painting, then Bronzino might have been equal to a task like mine. Michel Agnolo Buonarroti, again, whom I am proud to call my master; he, I admit, could have achieved the same success when he was young, but not with less fatigue and trouble than I endured. But now that he is far advanced in years, he would most certainly be found unequal to the strain. Therefore I think I am justified in saying that no man known upon this earth could have produced my Perseus. For the rest, my work has received the greatest reward I could have wished for in this world; chiefly and especially because your most illustrious Excellency not only expressed yourself satisfied, but praised it far more highly than any one beside. What greater and more honorable prize could be desired by me? I affirm most emphatically that your Excellency could not pay me with more glorious coin, nor add from any treasury a wealth surpassing this. Therefore I hold myself overpaid already, and return thanks to your most illustrious Excellency with all my heart." The Duke made answer: "Probably you think I have not the money to pay you. For my part, I promise you that I shall pay you more for the statue than it is worth." Then I retorted: "I did not picture to my fancy any better recompense from your Excellency; yet I account myself amply remunerated by that first reward which the school of Florence gave me. With this to console

me, I shall take my departure on the instant, without returning to the house you gave me, and shall never seek to set my foot in this town again." We were just at S. Felicità, and his Excellency was proceeding to the palace. When he heard these choleric words, he turned upon me in stern anger and exclaimed: "You shall not go; take heed you do not go!" Half terrified, I then followed him to the palace.

On arriving there, his Excellency sent for the Archbishop of Pisa, named De' Bartolini, and Messer Pandolfo della Stufa, requesting them to order Baccio Bandinello, in his name to examine well my Perseus and value it, since he wished to pay its exact price. These excellent men went forthwith and performed their embassy. In reply Bandinello said that he had examined the statue minutely, and knew well enough what it was worth; but having been on bad terms otherwise with me for some time past, he did not care to be entangled anyhow in my affairs. Then they began to put a gentle pressure on him, saying: "The Duke ordered us to tell you, under pain of his displeasure, that you are to value the statue, and you may have two or three days to consider your estimate. When you have done so, tell us at what price it ought to be paid." He answered that his judgment was already formed, that he could not disobey the Duke, and that my work was rich and beautiful and excellent in execution; therefore he thought sixteen thousand crowns or more would not be an excessive price for it. Those good and courteous gentlemen reported this to the Duke, who was mightily enraged; they also told the same to me. I replied that nothing in the world would induce me to take praise from Bandinello, "seeing that this bad man speaks ill of everybody." My words were carried to the Duke; and that was the reason why the Duchess wanted me to place the matter in her hands. All that I have written is the pure truth. I will only add that I ought to have trusted to her intervention, for then I should have been quickly paid, and should have received so much more into the bargain.

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